NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

JUN 29 1988

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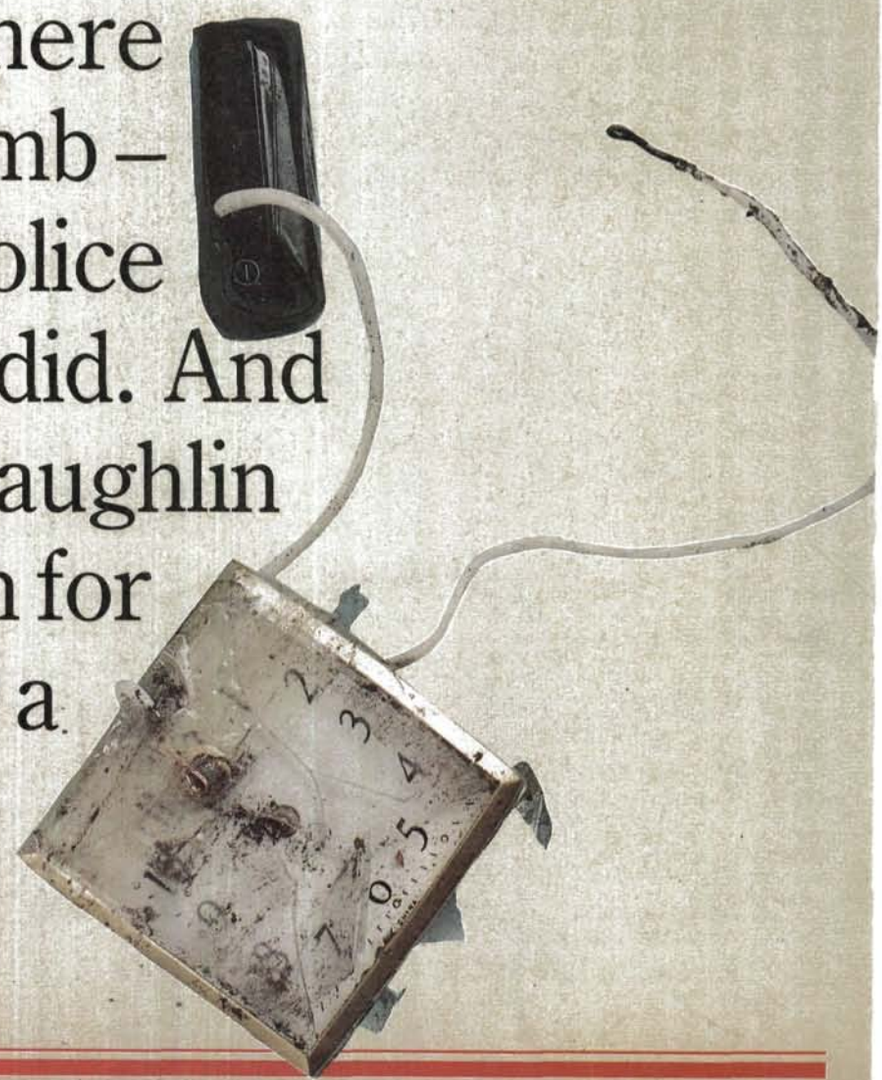

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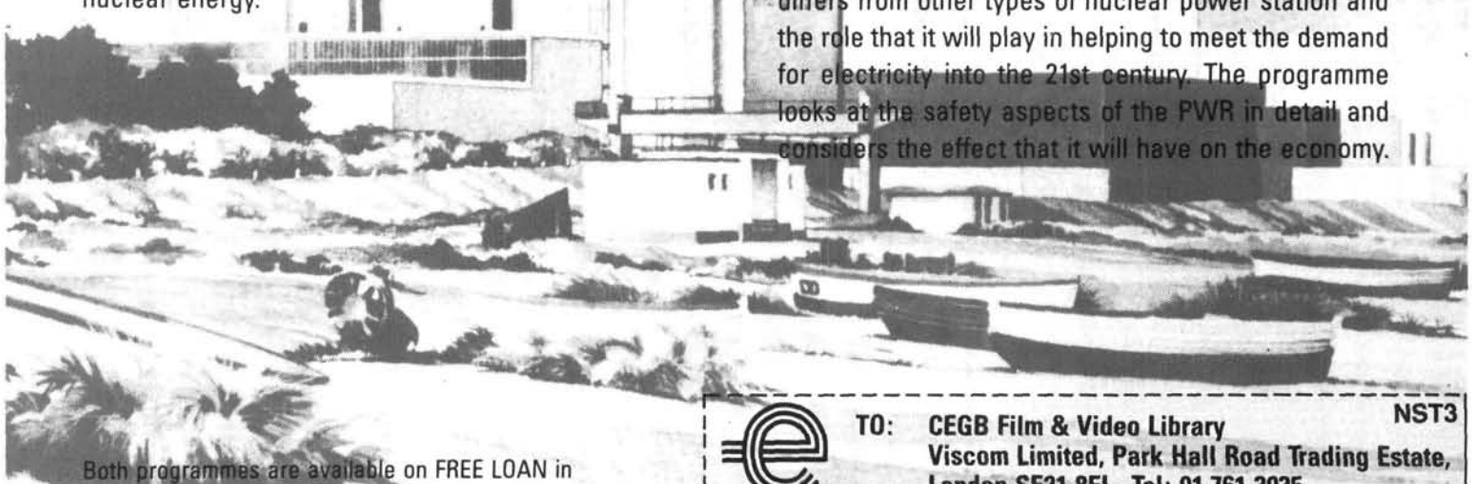

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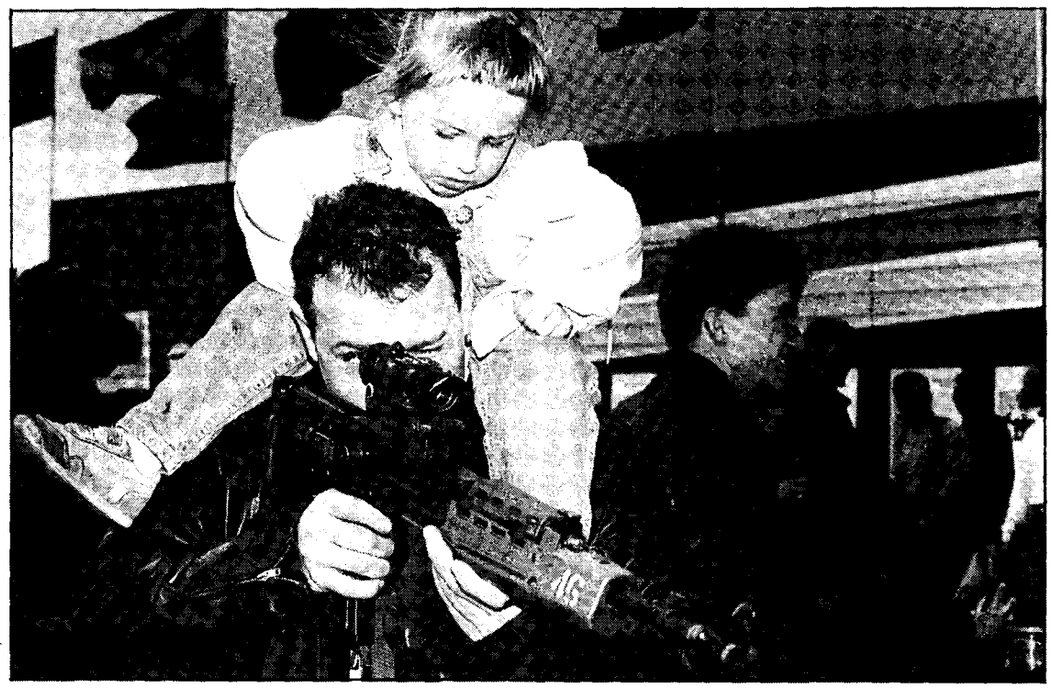

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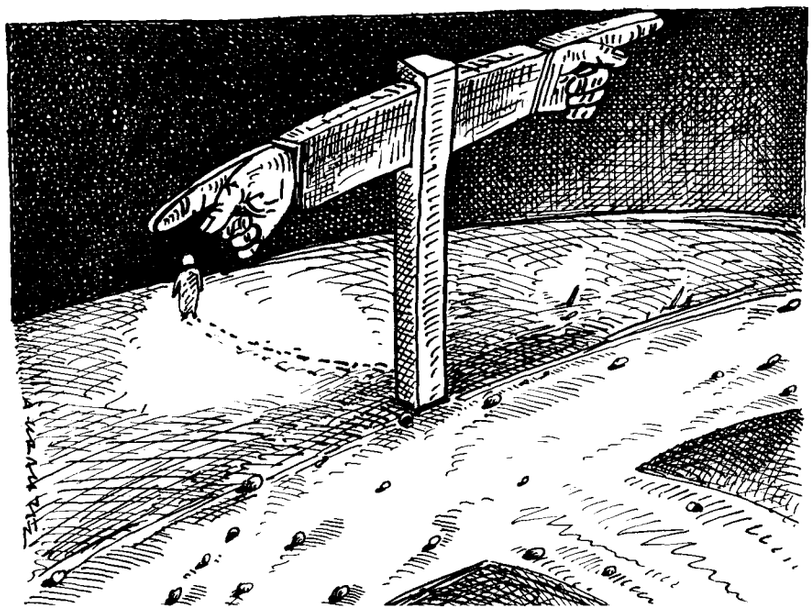
EDITORIAL

Making new traditions

It is ideas of citizenship which will counter Mrs Thatcher's free-market liberalism



More even than people magazines change so much in their lives that you can hardly talk of them as though they have a fixed character or enduring identity. Moreover, qualities or attitudes which suit an individual or a magazine in one era — the affluent fifties or idiosyncratic sixties perhaps — will be out-of-place, foolish or disingenuous even, in the hardnosed eighties.

Yet over the past few months of the merger process journalists and other commentators have discussed both the *New Statesman* and *New Society* as though they were possessed of an unchanging character quite distinct from the qualities of their changing staffs. (Auberon Waugh doesn't even need to read the *New Statesman* to know that it hasn't changed since 1979.) They have waxed nostalgically over traditions which quite properly belong in the past (in some cases baldly mythologising their own careers). Thus David Lipsey is criticised for having abandoned a quirky impartiality which, if it ever existed, may well have been appropriate for *New Society* in more settled times, but would have been a quisling response from a magazine of social concern to the Thatcher regime.

Scrupulous with the facts, yes. Ready to give everyone a fair hearing, yes. Critical (say) of the failings of state services or the frequently narrow (and self-defeating) assertion of trade union interests therein, yes. Quirky, oh yes. But impartial about the neglect of the NHS, the refusal to invest adequately in homes for rent, the indifference to the squalor of the inner city, the promotion of insecurity at work, the gradual dismembering of social security, the exploitation of racism and other prejudices, the deliberate creation of ever-widening divides in wealth, incomes and opportunities? Surely not.

This is not to say that the traditions of both magazines don't matter or that this new magazine won't try to live up to the best of them. (And we should welcome your views on how well we succeed.) It's just that we refuse to let other not necessarily disinterested commentators confine us within their definitions of these traditions; and we reserve the right to pick and choose among them. Dammit, we shall make new traditions of our own.

The times demand it. Mrs Thatcher's abuses of state power have intensified an awareness of how undemocratic, because it is unwritten, the British constitution is. In the year in which Britain celebrates the anniversary of the last constitutional settlement, we shall demand another to make Britain a modern and pluralist democracy. Further, the broad mass of people in this country are ready for a new progressive ideology which reconciles the British people's deep attachment to individualism with their still strong desire for social justice. There's room for that to happen. As Stephen Howe writes in his first political column on page 24, the Tories are fully aware that individualism is not enough. But their concern is for social order, not society, and is authoritarian in spirit. That's no more to the liking of the British people than the statist culture of Labourism they have already rejected.

Citizenship is the theme which looks most like providing a strong ideological base for both enterprises. We live under an ancient regime which makes subjects of us all. The guiding aim of democratic reform must be to make citizens of us all. The ideas of citizenship also offer the best hopes of reconciling individualism and social justice and providing an alternative governing ideology to free-market liberalism (and also incidentally of unifying the essential interests of the two magazines now made one).

Curiously, this perception is strong on the centre-left (citizenship is the third plank in Paddy Ashdown's platform for the SLD leadership) and on the non-sectarian left (see Anthony Arblaster and David Beetham's paper for the weekend's Chesterfield conference). Douglas Hurd has even put in a Tory bid. But the Labour Party is utterly blind to the radical potential of the still fragmentary mobilisation around this idea. Instead the policy review prefers to regard people as consumers — a weak, indeed ignoble, vision for a radical party.

By contrast, the idea of citizenship recognises people both as individuals — with all the rights and responsibilities that perspective implies — and as political and social beings with a role to play in society. It provides grounds for a critique both of the undemocratic British state (viz both Richard Holme in the centre and Tom Nairn on the left) and of regressive social policies (as Ralf Dahrendorf has demonstrated) and guiding principles for communitarian democratic and social reforms. We shall return to this argument.

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DIARY

Sean French

Karl Marx once observed of himself with grim humour that for someone who had devoted so much of his life to writing about money he was remarkably bad at dealing with the real thing.

Debates about the contrast between the life and the work of artists and thinkers have always been a bit of an intellectual parlour game but they can have serious results—the banning of Wagner's music in Israel, for example. Does his anti-semitism taint his music? Or take the more recent case of the deconstructionist, Paul de Man. After his death it came to light that as a young man in occupied Belgium he had written articles in defence of certain aspects of Nazi ideology. Does this have implications for his later work, and for deconstructionism in general? The alternating defensiveness and intemperance of de Man's defenders shows what a painful issue it is.

This dispute is dwarfed by the controversy about the German philosopher, Martin Heidegger. His reputation has always been bitterly contested but even among his followers there have been worries about his association with Nazism. George Steiner's outstanding "Fontana Modern Masters" monograph on Heidegger is an example. Based on the information available when he wrote the book ten years ago, Steiner assumed a relatively brief involvement, lasting from 1933–34.

Steiner felt there were two questions that needed asking: "What, if anything, relates the fundamental ontology of *Sein und Zeit* [*Being and Time*, Heidegger's philosophical masterpiece] to this involvement? What, if anything, can be said to account for Heidegger's total public silence (with one jejune posthumous exception) *after* 1945, concerning the holocaust and his own attitudes towards the policies and bestialities of the Reich?"

An article by Thomas Sheehan in the current *New York Review of Books* shows that Steiner didn't know the half of it. Himself a Heidegger expert, Sheehan summarises recent discoveries, referring principally to *Heidegger et le nazisme* by an old pupil of Heidegger's, Victor Farias, and also to a more scholarly book by the historian, Hugo Ott, which will be published next year.

Briefly, we now know that Heidegger was a card-carrying Nazi from 1933 to 1945 (Steiner thought he had resigned from the party in 1934). He supported Hitler in word and deed, in public and private he secretly denounced colleagues and students, he refused to teach Jewish students. After the war he tampered with earlier writings in order to conceal the fervency of his support. (I urge readers to look up Sheehan's article for the full account.)

His Nazism is now beyond doubt and far deeper than was once thought. What does it mean for the work? The implications could be profound. Many people see Heidegger as the greatest philosopher of the 20th century. His influence extends beyond the world of philosophy into those of history, linguistics and aesthetics. Is his influence tainted as well? Perhaps we shall end up with an academic version of the Ford Pinto disaster with students all over the world being recalled to their universities to have their faulty components removed.

It is becoming clear, for anyone who doubted it, that my predecessor in this space, Francis Wheen, was a man of considerable political influence. In March he wrote an article in the *Radio Times* to accompany the BBC film, *Airbase*, about how accurate it was. Since the BBC hierarchy were busy defending themselves from angry Tory MPs by claiming that the film was a pure work of fiction this caused some embarrassment.

To avoid this happening again the BBC director–general, Michael Checkland, has set up a system according to which articles on "politically sensitive" programmes have to be cleared by the relevant BBC controller and by Peter Ibbotson, deputy director of programmes. The commission immediately sprang into action.

This Saturday is Nelson Mandela's 70th birthday. Among the festivities will be a major concert at Wembley Stadium, which BBC2 are to transmit live. Naturally enough the *Radio Times* commissioned an article about Mandela. The result was described as "sympathetic" and was banned. Ibbotson was quoted in Monday's *Independent* commenting: "What we are covering at Wembley is a concert and not a political event. The *Radio Times* will reflect that."

It is tempting to laugh at such cheery fatuousness. If Mr Ibbotson would like to organise a similar birthday concert for Mandela at Ellis Park in Johannesburg he might find some local authorities disagreeing with this contention—and with such insistence that he might end up being able to discuss the issue with Mandela in person for several years.

But that is quibbling. Ibbotson would never have banned an article on the Ethiopian famine to accompany the Live Aid concert because it had nothing to do with the music. The fact is that the no-go areas are getting larger by the day. The British right has succeeded, where the left failed, in politicising areas of life which would previously have been subject only to "moral" or "aesthetic" standards. What was really disturbing about *Tumbledown* was what wasn't in it. The film was far from being an attack on the government's Falklands policy yet it was attacked anyway as if it had been.

Similarly, I would have thought that most people in Britain could agree on the injustice of Nelson Mandela's 25-year prison sentence. However, the Prime Minister has denounced the ANC as a terrorist group, "like any other terrorists", so the BBC is taking no chances.

The Corporation must be cursing its luck. They do the Live Aid concert which makes the government look mean. Why couldn't it have thought of a Telethon like the ITV's, which allowed a government minister to come on to live television and look generous by donating a million pounds of our money?

I felt tempted to include a statement of intent in this first "diary" but after a look at the diaries in some of the newspapers I decided it would be better to have a statement of non-intent. However short of ideas and material I get, there will be no amusing misprints from publicity handouts. I will not have a running joke where I discover people with "hilariously appropriate" names, water-board inspectors called things like Mr Fyshhe-Ponde, sexologists with names like Dr Dick Willey. I will include no gossip "overheard" at the Members' bar of the House of Commons (they would have to speak rather loudly for me to overhear them). And there will be no speculation on who's going to be secretary of the latest censorship quango or branch of the arts council.

So that's what there won't be. What will there be? Making adjustments for age and sex, I can't think of a better definition than that given of her diary by Cecily in *The Importance of Being Earnest*: "a very young girl's record of her own thoughts and impressions, and consequently meant for publication." This may seem frivolous but at least my first two published words for the *New Statesman and Society* were "Karl Marx".

ROGER WODDIS

Lines for a Launch

For unto us a mag is born,
Unto us a chance is given;
And his name shall be called Wonderful,
Radical, the Everlasting Journal, the Citizen's Friend;
And of drinking there shall be no end
When they wet the baby's head.

And there shall come forth a New Voice,
Somewhat less parochial than the old,
In keeping with the times
And the Socialist Values of Bryan Gould;
And the spirit of Pragmatism shall rest upon him,
The spirit of a New Society,
The spirit of Conservatism and Related Concerns,
And of fear of the Board.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the shark shall become vegetarian,
And the proof of the pudding shall be
In the reading;
And how he shall fare the Lord alone knoweth.

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North News & Pictures

Cleveland: 'medicine was right'

In a decision that is likely to outrage the sensibilities of middle England, the Cleveland sex abuse inquiry will give qualified backing to the findings of the two paediatricians at the centre of the dispute, Marietta Higgs and Geoffrey Wyatt (above). It is understood that the inquiry panel, chaired by Mrs Justice Butler-Sloss, has concluded that "the medicine was right but the management was wrong".

The report will go some way to rehabilitating the reputations of Higgs and Wyatt after the vilification against them in the press in recent weeks. The inquiry panel believes that they were conscientious, thorough and professional in their approach. The consensus of professional opinion is that there was a foundation to between 70 and 90 per cent of the cases put to the inquiry.

Among paediatricians, there is growing acceptance that the symptom of reflex anal dilatation, the subject of much controversy, is a useful indicator of sex abuse (along with other physical and behavioural signs). The inquiry panel is expected to conclude that Higgs and Wyatt were "right to put the local authority on alert" in those cases that they passed on to social workers.

Where there is dispute is over what should have happened next. The theoretical answer is that further inquiries should have been pursued before action was taken. In practice there are serious risks in leaving the child (or children) at home, particularly if an abuser suspects he (or occasionally she) is about to be exposed. Doctors and social workers recognise this point as the most dangerous in the discovery of sex abuse. (Cleveland social workers remain "absolutely convinced" that the courts have returned some children to abusing families.)

The official line is to err on the side of caution. "Where there is a threat of imminent danger, there should be *no hesitation* in taking legal action to remove the child to secure its protection and well being," says the DHSS's guidance circular on child abuse, issued in 1986 (emphasis added). The problems in Cleveland appear to have arisen from too close an adherence to this rule fostered by too definite a diagnosis of sex abuse from the doctors. The inquiry report is certain to stress that better relations between all those involved—doctors, social workers and the police—might have obviated the need to make decisions by the book.

The most disturbing aspect of the press coverage has been the uniform condemnation of what went on in Cleveland. The press has made up its mind, in advance of the inquiry's report, that the monster is not lurking at the domestic hearth but in the hospital out-patient department. Yet all over the country referrals of sex abuse cases have risen dramatically. Since Childline, the telephone helpline for children, was launched two years ago, its lines have been jammed 24 hours a day. There is a very strong resistance to accepting that the sexual exploitation of children is commonplace. The public pillorying of Higgs and Wyatt smells strongly of messenger bashing.

Jeremy Laurance

There he goes again

Presumably it was President Reagan himself, not his press secretary, who had the brilliant idea of dramatising the importance of the negotiations at last week's Moscow summit by presenting Mikhail Gorbachev with a video-cassette of *Friendly Persuasion*.

This is the second time this film with its Quakerly nudge towards nonviolence has made history. The first was in 1956, when it was the only film in Hollywood history to be released with no screenplay credit.

The reason for the omission: Michael Wilson, who wrote the script, was blacklisted. Rather than credit a nonperson—and make no mistake about it, that's what blacklisted people were in the days when Reagan was president of the Screen Actors Guild—Allied Artists credited noone.

There is an obvious irony in a strongly anti-communist US president praising a film by the kind of "subversive" he kicked out of his union in the McCarthy witch-hunt. After all, he once said, "there was no such thing as a Hollywood blacklist". As the nonblacklist is nonhistory, why worry about a nonperson?

Better still, here was Reagan, in the heart of the "evil" empire, lecturing his hosts on human rights, yet never acknowledging that the suppression of American dissidents in the 50s launched him on the political career that enabled him to go to Moscow and deplore the suppression of Soviet dissidents in the eighties.

Victor Navasky

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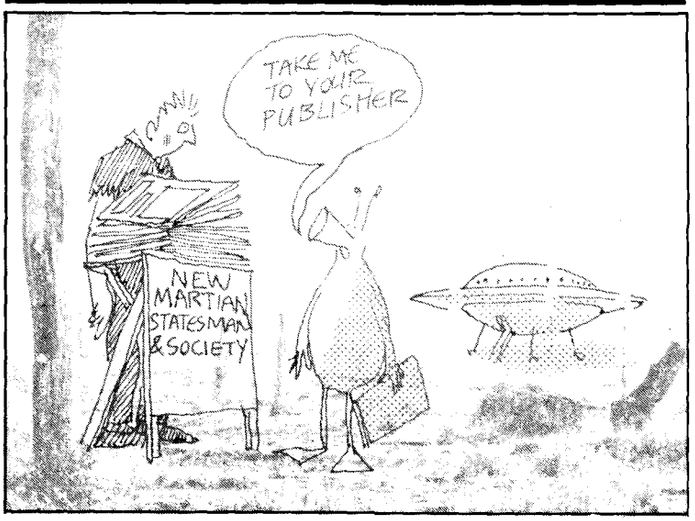

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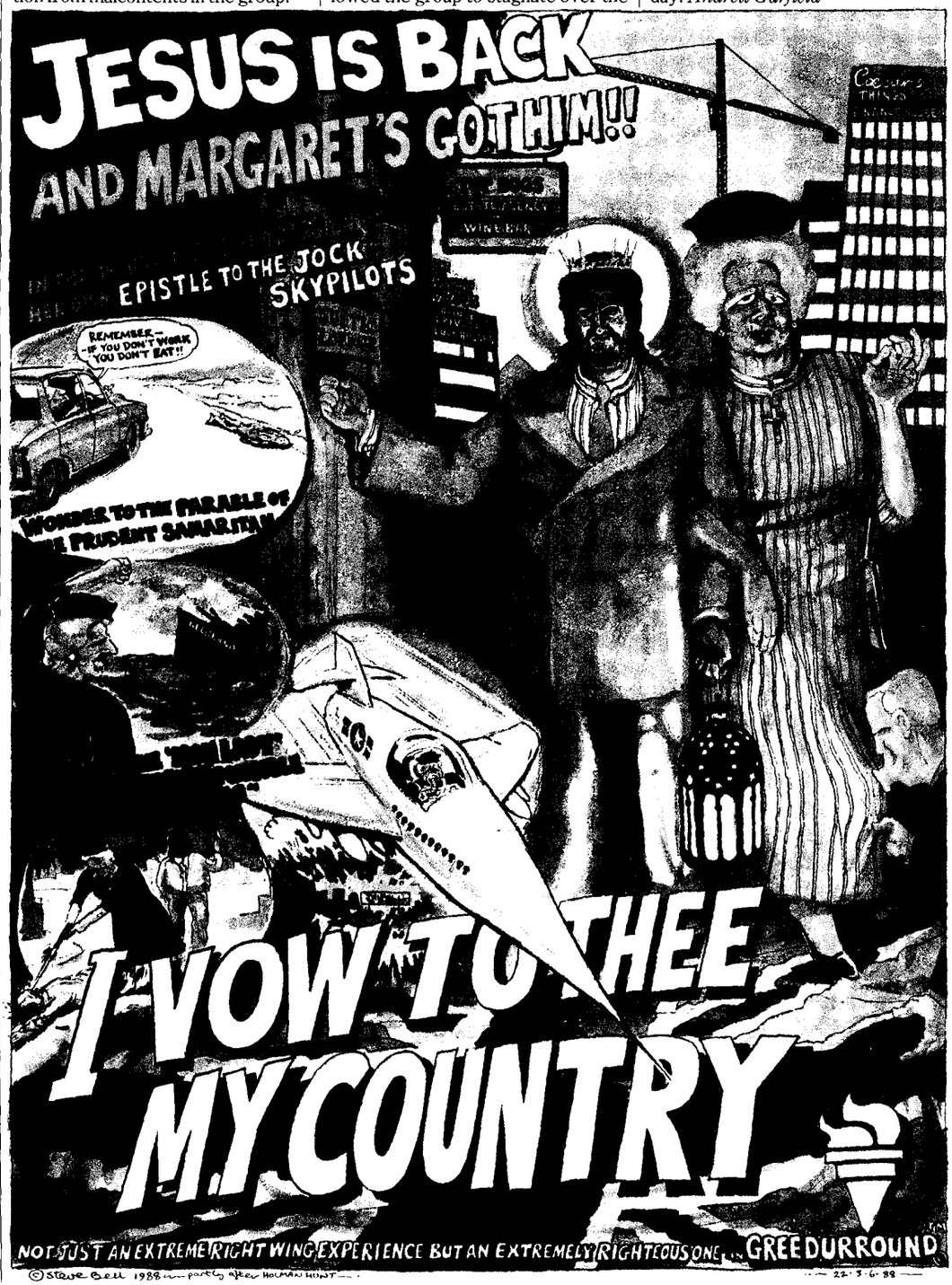
Bid to keep new Euro-Look

Labour's shaky new pragmatism on the European Community is to be put to the test next week when the 32-strong group of Labour MEPs vote on who will lead them into next year's Euro-elections. The incumbent, David Martin, who ousted anti-market veteran Alf Lomas barely a year ago, and who has become a prophet for the new creed of working for change in Europe, faces opposition from malcontents in the group.

Martin, 32, a thoughtful rather than forceful Scot, may have been pushing things rather too fast. Ventures like his Fabian pamphlet *Bringing Common Sense to the Common Market*, in which he argued for Socialists to take up the fight for equality, freedom and democracy within Europe, won him the admiration of other European Socialists and Labour leader, Neil Kinnock, but confirmed his group's worst fears.

Yorkshireman, Barry Seal, Martin's challenger, says the argument is not about style but about leadership, accusing his opponent of having allowed the group to stagnate over the last year. He rejects the anti-market label as outdated but admits that he would prefer Britain to pull out of the community. He sees its impact on Britain as negative.

His opponents fear that a victory for him would sabotage the good relations Martin has built up with other socialist parties and put a spoke in Kinnock's hopes of fighting a Euro-election on a joint manifesto with them. Martin's hopes depend on the younger Tribunite MEPs who are keen on this cooperation. His weakness is that his staunchest supporters don't have a vote next Tuesday. *Andrew Garfield*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AND MARGARET'S GOT HIM!!
EPISTLE TO THE JOCK SKYPILOTS
REMEMBER— IF YOU DON'T WORK YOU DON'T EAT!!
I VOW TO THEE MY COUNTRY
NOT JUST AN EXTREME RIGHT WING EXPERIENCE BUT AN EXTREMELY RIGHTEOUS ONE
GREE DURROUND
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22·3·6·88

Good companion

A glossy in-flight magazine for the hospitalised is being launched to be given free to in-patients in any private hospital which agrees to buy it. The publishers of *Companion* offer advertisers the chance to hit "a discerning ABC1 captive audience" while it is down. And they add that the readers will temporarily be leading a "sedentary, contemplative, lifestyle". *James Stephenson*

Foetal implant rules to be reviewed

The government is acting swiftly to look at the rules governing the use of foetal tissue in brain or other transplants—but is unlikely to quiet the critics.

Health Minister, Tony Newton, is this week announcing the setting up of a committee of four to do the job. Led by the Rev. Dr John Polkinghorne, dean and chaplin of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, it will include Sir Raymond Hoffenberg, president of Wolfson College, Oxford, who is a former senior scientist of the Medical Research Council and president of the Royal College of Physicians.

Alarm bells have been ringing since Professor Edward Hitchcock of Birmingham University carried out three transplants into adults suffering from Parkinson's Disease.

Ministers are not questioning whether Professor Hitchcock is sticking to the rules which exist at the moment. They believe he is. But there is concern that the technology is moving so quickly that the old rules, drawn up by Sir John Peel in 1972, are now out of date. It is no longer enough for decisions to be taken by a local ethics committee or even to follow new BMA guidelines. The BMA have now said that doctors must obtain permission from the woman before using foetal material for therapeutic purposes.

This week's announcement falls short of what some experts believe is needed. Mr Bill Cash, the Tory MP for Stafford, wants bodies like the BMA to go forward with proposals, but for all of them to be subject to scrutiny by a permanent sub-committee of the Commons social services select committee. He said: "We are moving into a brave new world and we want to be certain we are not handing over important developments exclusively to bodies of medics and lawyers." *John Lewis*

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Chesterfield's armoured policy

The papers presented for the second Socialist Conference to be held in Chesterfield this coming weekend make up not so much a dead parrot as a well-armoured snail, its head cautiously emerging to take cognizance of its new environment.

The papers are grouped in 13 themes, most of them presented to a policy group meeting held since the first Chesterfield conference last October. The themes are conventional—economic policy, trade unionism, Ireland etc—and at their worst the papers are too.

At their best, some of the papers state clearly what are the contradictions for the left, or itemise needed practical reforms. On ecology they point to the conflict between central state planning and devolution; on economic policy they emphasise the irrelevance of a purely national economic policy; on the state they outline what democratic reforms can be pressed. The purpose of them all, states the new Aims and Objectives, is to build a socialist *movement*. The weekend will show how strong the desire for that is, and how far this left can move from defence to leadership.
Sarah Benton

THIS ENGLAND

● Christopher Peach, aged 16, who lost nearly £25,000 in October's stock market crash, is to be screen-tested by Channel 4 for a job as financial adviser on its teenage current affairs programme, Network 7. — *The Guardian* (D K Mills)

● Britain yesterday opposed an EEC move to enforce a maximum tar content for cigarettes. Lord Skelmersdale, a junior health minister, said the goal of reducing cancer could be better achieved through voluntary agreement between government and industry. "People have a right to choose their own method of death," he told a meeting of Common Market health ministers.—*Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

● Thirty of the Leeds group clashed with 100 Bradford City supporters at the town's railway station and they had to be rescued and ushered on to trains by uniformed police. During that fracas, an undercover police officer, Pc Paul Creeham, known to the gang as "Poacher", was the only person arrested.—*Daily Telegraph* (Mr J T Hart)

PARLIAMENT

What's the point?

Sarah Benton

What on earth, I ask myself, staring down at the turnip rows of grey and balding heads, is the point of the House of Commons? Or rather, what is the point of its focus, the Chamber? For most of the time, MPs are outnumbered by the public perched in its high, uncomfortable gallery. Which might be as it should be, except the bit open to the public is very small. Whatever the Chamber is for, it's not for public debate.

We in the galleries are all terribly well-behaved. This is partly because one has to sit erect; the seats either have no backs, or are backed by spine-dislodging carved oak. If a member of the public or press lets out even the smallest cheer or jeer, they would be instantly hustled out by the assiduous doorkeepers (as the all-male staff are known, to their chagrin).

Why not abandon the narrow, cramped hall, which owes more to the public school chapel than to modern democracy? It was built only in 1950 with strict instructions from a Select Committee to the architects that post-war politics must symbolise no change. But as its building is only ersatz history it could just be shifted to a huge stadium. There it could either be real theatre (the speeches would have to be a damn sight better) or real open debate, with the public roaring on their team, (though MPs play less like a team than does a Sunday football side) shouting questions, making awkward demands. This, of course, is the role that MPs themselves should be playing.

Up until World War II, the British parliament was generally regarded with utmost complacency. It was the true fruition of hundreds of years of the native British genius for proper government. Just as democracy and the ability to cope with universal suffrage became the criterion for good government, the Chamber was the living incarnation of this genius. Whatever economic crises afflicted Britain, there was no political crisis its parliamentary system could not handle and no cad or renegade whom its Chamber could not tame. And still expects to. Ron Brown's own side disciplines him not for chucking the mace but for failing to be a gent and bow to the House. (Personally I'm quite happy to believe his friend Nona wandered into the showers by mistake. I have twice wandered into the Gents by mistake, for the door sign is in discreet gold lettering.)

Dennis Skinner, who monopolises a position by the aisle so he can move when he speaks, is loved by the Tories. He says exactly what they think a class-conscious socialist ought to say. His account of the Lords turning up to vote on the poll tax would have had them rolling in the aisles if they had room enough to roll, which they don't.

Yet despite the chummy atmosphere — which, in fact, the Tory right with its perpetual sneer has done much to dispel — almost no one now sees the British parliament as a model for democracy. And that is far more serious than either front bench will acknowledge. Since 1950 (the actual end of the Middle Ages and beginning of the modern era, avers Eric Hobsbawm) the sniping at parliament, particularly the place of our elected representatives, has been almost continuous. Then, Tory backbenchers, faced with a turning-the-tide wave of Labour legislation, were the first to go into print complaining that the ordinary MP had no role. Since then the effectiveness of the role of the Chamber, as well as the MP, has been constantly called into question. Some critics demand only a change of procedure—a problem some see as urgent with the imminent arrival of television. Others, like the late Labour MP, John Mackintosh, think reform must embrace party, parliament and government.

There is no point in looking to the Tories for proposals on reform. Despite all their vaunted reputation for radicalism, the younger Tories are, in truth, a sycophantic bunch with little or no interest in the political process.

Nor has Labour's front bench discussed, let alone pioneered, any programme of reform. It is not in their interest to increase the powers of the Commons generally. They hope to be the next government and do not want its powers curtailed. They also want their own side to be disciplined voters, though with unbeatable Tory majorities there is less crack to the whip.

One MP, Graham Allen of Nottingham North, persistently tries to get the Parliamentary Labour Party to take up the issue of reform. He is regarded as an embarrassment. And he acknowledges that, in his persistence, he may simply end up like other MPs: creating a small individual niche for himself in preference to nonentity. As he says, the key thing about the Parliamentary Labour Party is that it's not an organised team but a collection of individualists (witness Ken Livingstone or Tam Dalyell). Those who do not find a parliamentary niche concentrate on their constituencies, doing work which more powerful local authorities should be doing. And if they can only function outside parliament, what exactly is its point?

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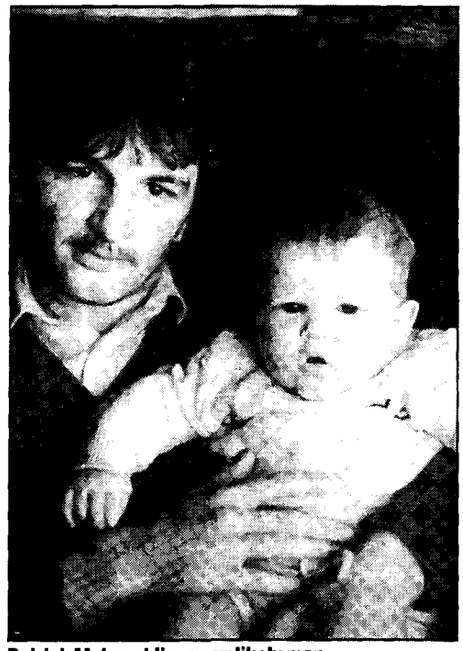
Bombed out

The new extradition agreement between the British and Irish governments will be tested in the Dublin courts next week. But the trial of Patrick McLaughlin suggests that Irish defendants may not get a fair trial in Britain.

On 7 November 1985, 26-year-old Patrick McLaughlin boarded the overnight ferry from Northern Ireland to look for work in London. He seemed to have no definite plans, just the hope of gainful employment. A nurse he met on the train from Holyhead told him about an Irish hostel which provided cheap temporary lodgings. He obtained the address in Quex Road, Kilburn, from Directory Enquiries, and booked in. Then, on the advice of the hostel manager, Father Ryan, he registered for social security.

McLaughlin (no relation to the man of the same name currently on trial at the Old Bailey) arrived in London on a Friday—a bad day to start job hunting—and over the weekend spent most of the little money he had been able to raise for the trip in pubs popular with the Irish community. He seemed a lost and diffident figure, engrossed in the puzzle magazines which he carried around with him. In the Kilburn pubs he ran into some people he knew from Londonderry where he had left his wife and four children, and on the Sunday joined up with them for a bout of lunchtime drinking. At about five o'clock that day, after an after-hours session, he stopped off at a launderette and for the next 24 hours took two carrier bags of washing everywhere he went. On the Sunday evening, after closing time, he went with a crowd back to a flat in Talbot Walk, Harlesden, where an impromptu party was held. He hung his jeans up to dry in the bathroom and later, somewhat the worse for drink, fell asleep.

On Monday 11 November at about 10.20pm an unexploded bomb was discovered on the pavement outside Chelsea Barracks. It was made safe by an army explosives officer. Had it gone off, it could have destroyed the sergeants' mess and killed or seriously injured everyone in it. The bomb, for which the INLA claimed responsibility the next day, was packed into a grey-green holdall and a smaller black nylon bag,



Patrick McLaughlin: an unlikely man . . .

and padded with items of clothing, a sleeping bag and a black plastic bag. The package yielded some surprising information. In a zipped side-pocket of the holdall, police found personal documents (including a birth certificate and national insurance card) belonging to one Aidan Maguire who lived with his father, sister and two friends at 15 Talbot Walk, Harlesden.

As a result of the evening in that flat, Patrick McLaughlin is today in Gartree prison, serving a life sentence. This will mean at least 20 years behind bars. He was sentenced on 25 November 1986 for conspiracy to cause explosions.

No one has claimed either that he made the bomb, or planted it, but insubstantial evidence means that he is paying the penalty for it. There is little to suggest the he was part of a bomb plot; and a great deal to suggest that he wasn't. A month after the dismissal of his appeal, considerable doubts remain.

Police began their investigations naturally enough by interviewing all five residents of the Harlesden flat. They learned of the Sunday night party. As well as the five who lived there, also present were McLaughlin, Peter O'Loughlin (who lived in London but who also came originally from Londonderry) and other Londonderry men. Police attention focused on McLaughlin and O'Loughlin. McLaughlin was arrested at his Londonderry home on 19 December. The following day, O'Loughlin, hearing in Kilburn pubs that he was wanted for questioning, walked into a Shepherds Bush police station with his solicitor.

McLaughlin and O'Loughlin were jointly charged with conspiracy to cause explosions. At the start of court proceedings, however, the judge, Mr Justice Kenneth Jones, ordered the release of O'Loughlin ("with reluctance") when the Crown offered no evidence against him. The judge placed a contempt of court order on reporting details of the two-day legal argument which led to his release. The press seems to have misunderstood the precise nature of the order, with the result that McLaughlin's trial was barely reported at all in Britain.

The evidence against McLaughlin centred on three points: his fingerprint on the black plastic bag inside the bomb package; articles belonging to him—newspapers and a *Puzzler* magazine, on which he had helpfully written his name and address—discovered in a van used to transport explosives; and an incriminating conversation with a police officer.

Although when first arrested McLaughlin had denied having been in London, he subsequently admitted that he had been there, and had been drinking heavily on that particular Sunday. He also said that he had travelled in a van from a pub to the party with a number of others. He insisted, however, that he was innocent of any bomb conspiracy. This must have been a tenable line of defence; the police had, after questioning, released the five occupants of the flat (none of whom gave evidence at the trial).

The critical McLaughlin fingerprint was located about five inches from the top of the inside of the bag. Traces of explosive were found only on the outside of the bag. At the trial, the senior scientific officer, Colin Barnes, the prosecution's expert witness, was asked about this. He replied, "I am not too sure what the significance of that bag was, whether it had actually contained any explosive or whether it was perhaps just wrapped around some of the materials as they were disrupted".

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A possible interpretation therefore was that the bag had just been stuffed into the holdall—as had the sleeping-bag and a woolly hat, among other things, presumably to hide the bomb—and then become wrapped around the explosives, acquiring traces in that way.

The judge, Mr Justice Kenneth Jones, however misconstrued this. In his summing-up, he told the jury, "it may have been wrapped around the explosive material, used as a wrapper, rather than a bag". This gave the bag a particular significance that was not attributed to it in evidence by any witness.

Apart from the fingerprint, the prosecution case rested largely on a conversation which McLaughlin had in Wormwood Scrubs on 24 December 1985 with Detective Inspector Glass, one of the officers who had arrested him. According to Glass, McLaughlin said that although drunk on the evening of the impromptu party, he was aware that a couple of people there had been up all night making the bomb. McLaughlin adamantly denied having said this. That, moreover, was the only part of the conversation he disputed.

This evidence was seriously undermined by the defence during the trial. Under cross-examination, Glass admitted that he could not recall asking McLaughlin the critical question: who was up all night making the bomb? It would have been a bewildering oversight for anyone, let alone someone who had been a detective for 24 years.

His colleague, Detective Constable Kemp, who was present throughout, said he did not hear McLaughlin utter the vital words about a bomb being made.

Again, however, evidence that seemed ambiguous at best, and hopelessly flawed at worst, was given a wholly unmerited significance in the judge's summing-up, when he said: "The defendant agrees that what he said to Inspector Glass is exactly as Inspector Glass has recorded it, with the exception of that one very important sentence, 'Although drunk,' *using direct speech* (our italics), 'I was aware that a couple of them had been up all night making the bomb'".

Yet no one had suggested that the hotly-disputed sentence could be rendered in direct speech. The only person who claimed that they were the exact words used by McLaughlin was the judge.

The summing-up could hardly have clarified a perplexing case for the jury. Apart from the key points already mentioned, the judge managed to place the Creggan estate in both Belfast and Londonderry. He had to be corrected after confusing McLaughlin's mother with his mother-in-law. He said that traces of one explosive were discovered in a bag found in the Talbot Walk flat; and then almost immediately contradicted himself and said that they weren't. He also said: "He agreed later to stand on an identification parade and eventually he was, late on 21 December, charged with this offence and cautioned."

No one would have been able to infer from that comment that McLaughlin never was placed on an identification parade; that there was no identification evidence against him of any kind; that, on the contrary, witnesses from the flats opposite Chelsea Barracks had given detailed identification statements of men with Irish accents who may well have planted the bomb—none of which mentioned McLaughlin's conspicuously short stature.

While considering their verdict, the jurors returned to court four times in all—seeking, as well as information about the site of the fingerprint, an explanation of part of Glass's evidence, and further guidance on the nature of a conspiracy offence. On the third occasion, the judge told them that he was prepared to accept a majority verdict, and on the fourth he delivered what is known as the Walhein direction. This, bluntly, is an exhortation to the jury to get a move on and, bearing in mind the inconvenience and public cost of a re-trial, reach a verdict. This procedure dates from 1952, when unanimity was still required and, theoretically, a solitary juror could out of perversity keep a jury out. By the time McLaughlin's case reached the Court of Appeal, a five-judge court was considering its suitability now that majority verdicts are allowed.

. . . to have helped plant a bomb.

After a retirement lasting, in all, just over eleven hours, the jury delivered a ten to two majority verdict of guilty. There was a disturbance in the public gallery, and cries of "He's innocent, you bastards". As McLaughlin was sentenced to life imprisonment, two female jurors were perceptibly weeping.

The point is not that this case is necessarily a miscarriage of justice; but that, after due process of English law, no one can conceivably tell whether McLaughlin was guilty or innocent; and, if guilty, then what of? It is clear, however, that if a charge of conspiracy, which virtually allows the prosecution to construct a case on guesswork, had not been available—and it is not in many countries, including the Irish Republic—then it would have been impossible to charge McLaughlin with anything.

The background to the case, though, does suggest that McLaughlin may have been innocent. Throughout his time in London, he always gave his correct name and address. He even registered for social security. The defence brought forward many witnesses who testified that there was nothing suspicious about his behaviour at any time. It is hard to reconcile the thought of him as a terrorist with the picture they painted of a man shuffling around with his two carrier-bags of washing, engrossed in his puzzler magazines. The terrorists knew that their bomb was recovered intact by the police and the INLA acknowledged it within 24 hours, yet McLaughlin made no attempt to leave London (he stayed for a further week) or to change his daily habits.

Peter O'Loughlin, though freed at the outset, continued to play a part in the trial in absentia. He came across as a sinister, shadowy figure, who was referred to throughout, and in all the documentation, as "Sykes". With its Dickensian ring, the nickname suggested a nefarious personality. He must have seemed the villain of the piece.

Yet this impression was totally false. It provides a perfect example of how far an English trial can stray from reality. There was, literally, no evidence against him—that, after all, was why he was released. His nickname was not "Sykes", but "Cycs", a soubriquet derived from Greek mythology and the lengthy period of his adolescence when he had to wear an eye-patch. Had he actually been a terrorist who had fortuitously escaped criminal charges, then he might have been expected to go underground. In fact, O'Loughlin is living and working quite openly in north London.

The van in which were found both McLaughlin's *Puzzler* and traces of explosives, was seen

justice

Bob Woffinden

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by a number of witnesses in the area during October and November 1985. The police discovered it on 31 December, a little over a mile from Talbot Walk, where the party was held on the ill-fated night. It had Ulster registration plates and two Northern Ireland stickers in the back window and was discovered in Dicey Avenue, the previous address of Aidan Maguire (the party host).

According to vehicle records, the van was owned by James McLaughlin (no relation), a resident of Belfast. When RUC officers searched his home, they found among other things, electrical circuit diagrams which could be used in bomb-making. What is extraordinary about this search is that it was carried out on 21 March 1986: nearly three months later.

Throughout the McLaughlin trial, the prosecution was at pains to stress that this was a major terrorist incident, with a bomb as large as the Harrods one, and that significant loss of life could have occurred. That, indeed, was the basis on which the judge imposed a life sentence. If it was that serious, why did the police anti-terrorist branch behave so lethargically?

McLaughlin's appeal was heard in February 1988, but judgment was deferred until May. Lord Justice Watkins, Mr Justice Mars-Jones and Mr Justice Ian Kennedy, who heard the appeal, upheld both McLaughlin's conviction and his sentence. In doing so, they once more demonstrated the inability of the Court of Appeal to perform its proper function—to look into the conduct of the trial. In a finely-balanced case like McLaughlin's it is possible for the judge to influence its outcome. It could be argued that Mr Justice Kenneth Jones had achieved this. Yet the appeal judges made only a couple of mild criticisms of his performance.

In strictly legal terms, the most important consideration was perhaps the Walhein direction: had the jury felt pressured as a result? The judges did demur, to an extent—"assuming those words should not have been used"—but nevertheless determined that their effect had not been prejudicial.

With regard to McLaughlin's original statements to police, the judges asked rhetorically, "Why did he lie?" But that was not a question they should have been asking themselves. They should have been concerned not with the overall case, but with the trial itself, asking themselves if it was flawed—which it certainly was. As with the Birmingham pub-bombing appeal, however, the judges seemed to start with a presumption of total guilt, and to need overwhelming evidence to the contrary to intervene. This, plainly, is a distortion both of the legal process and the role of the appeal court.

Moreover, the well-rehearsed inadequacies of the court are seen in stark relief in cases for which there is profound establishment distaste—such as Irish terrorist ones, not one of which has ever resulted in a successful appeal.

The foundation of British justice remains that someone should be proved guilty beyond all reasonable doubt. When that principle is flouted as comprehensively as it was in this case, and when the Court of Appeal so studiously refuses to intervene, one begins to wonder whether any country at all, let alone the Irish Republic, should be extraditing its subjects to Britain. ●

Coalition Fever

The Socialists are poised to win an overall majority in France—to Mitterrand's embarrassment. **David Caute** *explains why.*

"Curious country!" exclaims *Le Monde*. "The President of the Republic dissolves the National Assembley to bring about a parliamentary majority to coincide with the presidential majority, then incites the French to correct the presidential vote of 8 May by insisting that it is not "healthy for a single party to govern." It is indeed curious to witness a Socialist President and Prime Minister, Francois Mitterrand and Michel Rocard, patently embarrassed by the prospect of the parliamentary majority predicted by all the opinion polls, and narrowly confirmed by the weekend's first round of balloting.

"Who would dare to declare today," asks Serge July, editor of *Liberation*, "that he opposes *ouverture?*" And what — the question is incessantly posed in France today—does *ouverture* mean? Opening? Overture? France is perfectly accustomed to coalition governments; the novelty lies in the search for the national centre of gravity by a party capable of ruling on its own.

The brief (1986–88) experience of antagonistic "co-habitation" between a Socialist president and a Gaullist premier, Jacques Chirac, was a traumatic failure. Chirac's determination to pursue Thatcherite policies imposed strains on the dual-power executive that were clearly not anticipated by the constitution of the Fifth Republic. The elderly Mitterrand might have decently retired after the humiliations he'd suffered; instead he sought something bearing an uncanny resemblance to revenge—and got it. In the May presidential election he won over the soft centre and beat Chirac by four clear percentage points.

But, faced with the same centre-right majority in the National Assembly that had put Chirac in the Hotel Matignon two years ago—291 out of 577 seats, with an additional 35 seats belonging to the implacably hostile National Front—and unable to seduce centrist leaders into a coalition government led by Rocard, Mitterrand had no alternative but to dissolve the assembly and call a general election.

The real test of the PS's commitment to *ouverture* comes this week, between the two Sunday ballots. PS candidates must decide when, where and whether to stand down in favour of centrists who have led at the first ballot.

Can the party leadership impose such discipline on local cadres? PS posters are cool and presidential (a picture of an avuncular Mitterrand crowns the affair): "A Presidential Majority for a United France." The echo of Gaullism is inescapable. In terms of social content the message is minimal. According to my taxi driver—an anarchist by conviction and an admirer of Socrates the Socialist militants are now "plus royaliste que le roi".

So who's a Socialist now? Mitterrand himself was not even a member of the old Socialist Party (SFIO) when he ran against de Gaulle in 1965 as leader of the umbrella federation of the left. Not until 1971 was he elected leader of the new PS. Faced with the electoral pull of Gaullism Mitterrand saw no alternative but to form a working alliance with the Communists (PCF) whom he cordially detested.

The main challenge to Mitterrand's strategy came from Michael Rocard, a recent convert from left-wing politics to a modernising, technocratic, centre-oriented social democracy. Rocard savaged the prevailing style of the PS under Mitterrand's leadership as "archaic"—he meant both the "clause 4" atavism of traditional socialist doctrine and the Common Programme with the Communists. The electorate as a whole regarded Rocard as the Socialist most capable of providing a modernising, realistic alternative to the right—a view shared by socialist papers like *Le Matin* and *Nouvel Observateur*. Rocard's popularity, not least with the media, hardly

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sweetened the beleaguered Mitterrand's resentment.

But victory changes everything. Following Mitterrand's narrow win over Giscard d'Estaing in 1981, at the subsequent parliamentary elections the PS and their radical allies, the MRG, achieved an unprecedented overall majority. There was no talk of *ouverture* from Mitterrand: after 21 years of right-wing government, the PS would force through its own radical programme of economic, social and legal reforms under the first of Mitterrand's Socialist premiers, Pierre Mauroy. As a result of massive public expenditure inflation galloped, Mitterrand sacked Mauroy and executed a U-turn, lost heavily at the legislative elections of 1986, and made a mental note never to pursue a socialist policy again. Hence *ouverture*; hence the installation of Rocard, at long last, in the Hotel Matignon.

Michel Rocard's first proposals as interim Prime Minister include a minimum income for the poor and a wealth tax. Otherwise he is, in the main, content to ride out the campaign with platitudes. Like other front runners, he kisses children, smiles affably, shrugs helplessly about his own popularity. Rocard is possibly the most popular politician in Europe.

"Mummy!" yells the exasperated small boy in the cartoon. "Daddy's been talking *again* about what he did in 1968!" There are currently more than two dozen publications in the Paris bookshops on the subject of *les evenements* of May 1968. The 20th anniversary reminds us how deeply the student revolutionaries of the action committees and *groupuscules* despised Mitterrand and the parliamentary politicians of the left. Today all that has changed.

The *soixante-huitards* are parliamentary reformists to a man or woman, notably Dany Cohn-Bendit, Serge July (the editor of the influential paper *Liberation*, Marc Kravetz (its foreign editor), Jean-Marcel Bouguereau (an editor with the weekly *Les Evenements de Jeudi)* Jacques Suvageot (acting President of the National Students Union in 1968), and Alain Geismar (leader of the university teachers' union at that time).

As Geismar points out, the first Mitterrand government abolished capital punishment in 1981, by which time France and Turkey were the only European nations to apply it. Homosexuality was legalised and the arts experienced the immensely sympathetic hand of the Minister of Culture, Jack Lang. Even the former revolutionary ideologist, Regis Debray, imprisoned while accompanying Che Guevara's guerrillas in Bolivia, was allowed to wander about the Elysee Palace making congenial initiatives and *faux pas*.

And the Communists? With only 10 per cent of the vote in the first ballot (albeit an improvement on the presidential election), and neither proportional representation nor an electoral pact to rescue it, the PCF faces a humiliating reduction to ten or 15 seats—yet this is the party that could once count on the steady allegiance of a quarter of the electorate. In the 1980s came the bitter harvest of half-hearted de-Stalinisation, centralist leadership, muffled protests about Soviet repression of the Prague Spring, denigration of the student movement in May '68, byzantine manoeuvres against its Socialist partners in the Common Programme of the 1970s. The party's representation in the National Assembly has slumped from 86 in 1978 to 44 in 1981 to 35 in 1986 (rescued from oblivion on that last occasion only by PR).

Today the Communist posters plaintively speak of a *rassemblement* of the left but it takes two to *rassembler* and the PS aren't tangoing with the PCF. Yet the Communists do at least put forward a programme in defence of the workers and the poor: a minimum salary of £600 a month (to be paid for out of one quarter of the profits of enterprises); a monthly social security payment of £300, to be paid for by a wealth tax; the restoration of 100 per cent reimbursement for the cost of long illness; no rent increases; less money on armaments, more on education and research; no French nuclear arms from the year 2000 (a considerable improvement on the PCF's dismal support for the *force de frappe*).

Who's a socialist? After 1986, Mitterrand made a mental note never to pursue a socialist policy again. Hence the installation of Rocard in the Hotel Matignon

The National Front, after its triumphant 14 per cent in the first round of the presidential election, is now down to 9–10 per cent and bitterly awaits the loss of all its seats, partly from the reflux of opinion, more particularly with the demise of proportional representation. Despite 35 per cent in his Marseilles, the FN's charismatic leader, Jean-Marie Le Pen, will also lose his seat. The conservative umbrella organisation, the URC, which groups Chirac's Gaullist forces (RPF) with the moderate conservatives (UDF) led by Giscard d'Estaing, Raymond Barre and Francois Leotard, dare not commit itself to a "stand down" electoral pact with the Front. Infuriated by this ostracism (which is admittedly subject to regional and personal prejudices) the Front is in a vindictive mood. Its secretary general has threatened to keep candidates in the ballot against the orthodox right even in seats where they have no hope of winning and can only do a favour to the Socialists.

The Front has most appeal in constituencies of the great metropolitan cities like Paris and Marseilles where the issue of immigration—and the appeal of repatriation—is most intense among French workers, many of whom formerly voted Communist. In Marseilles, for example, there are "Arab" areas which the police dare not enter; schools where a majority of children do not speak French at home; and so on.

One may deplore the NF and conclude that on the one hand the structure of British politics effectively prevents mass prejudices from achieving an effective political outlet. It may be part of our national genius to neutralise "extremism", and it may also be argued that to offer a charismatic thug like Le Pen prime-time publicity merely "encourages" and legitimates racism. But on the other hand the French electoral system really encourages a more visible and democratic expression of what citizens actually feel and want. And—one can be emphatic—it would not permit a Thatcherite government to win three successive elections on the basis of a minority vote. ●

David Caute is a novelist and political writer who recently published "Sixty-Eight: the year of the barricades" (Hamish Hamilton).

Charles Pasqua, the hard-line Gaullist interior minister, gerrymandered constituency boundaries to benefit his party. But his ruse has backfired. This cartoon from Le Monde shows Pierre Mauroy telling Mitterrand: "We won't be able to avoid a crushing victory!" Mitterrand replies: "Another low blow of Pasqua's!"

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Doctors critical of the NHS are being intimidated into silence. **Jeremy Laurance** *reports on the shift of loyalty from patient to corporation.*

Silencing the NHS

There is a new and troubling development in the degenerative condition of the NHS. To the familiar symptoms of long queues, staff shortages and low morale there is now a disturbing addition: management by intimidation.

Unprecedentedly in the history of the health service, doctors are becoming afraid to speak publicly about its problems. In recent months stories have emerged of information being withheld, of consultations being restricted and of late night phone calls from health authority managers to doctors who "step out of line". Those unwilling to curb their dissenting tongues have been warned, threatened—and worse.

Last December, Dr Gillian Cardy, a community medicine specialist in Bath, spoke to a local journalist of her fears about proposed cuts in family planning clinics. They would result, she warned, in more unwanted pregnancies. She was immediately suspended from her duties on full pay. Three weeks later she was reinstated but last month the health authority announced that she is taking early retirement.

Dr David Josephs, director of community medicine in south Bedfordshire, gave his personal views in response to press inquiries last year about the need to protect schoolchildren from the threat of AIDS. He said that education about the risks should start from the age of ten and that sexually active teenagers should perhaps be issued with condoms. His remarks did not accord with the health authority's view and created a storm of protest. He was suspended for ten weeks and reinstated with a formal written warning about "managerial misconduct". But last December he retired early and is today still out of a job. He is 47.

Two cases do not constitute a trend. But they are only the more extreme examples of the new clampdown. Doctors are being gagged, reports suppressed, health authorities packed with yes men (and a few women) and research more tightly controlled. With the NHS in increasing difficulties we are moving towards what the *British Medical Journal* has described as a "closed society" on health. The serious worry must be that strangling the debate will accelerate its decline.

Cardy and Josephs were suspended for discomfiting their health authorities. But many other outspoken doctors have had the big stick waved at them. Dr Eric Silove, a consultant paediatrician at the Birmingham Children's Hospital who signed a plea to Mrs Thatcher to do something about children's cardiac units, received a phone call from the chairman of his district health authority instructing him to make no further comment to the press. "I do not feel I have been gagged," Silove said later, "but I do feel that I am now looking over my shoulder more than I was."

John Guy, an orthopaedic surgeon at the Worcester Royal Infirmary wrote to the people on his waiting list to explain that cuts in resources meant they could not have their hip replacement operations. His letter was passed to local MP, Nicholas Ridley, the Environment Secretary, who wrote to Tony Newton, the Minister of Health, asking him to "silence" Guy. "It seems to me intolerable that employees of the health service should openly criticise their health authorities in this way," Ridley wrote.

A consultant in the midlands was intending to give evidence to a public inquiry on a plan to build commercial premises on NHS land. Writing anonymously—on the advice of his solicitor—in the *BMJ*, he describes receiving an unexpected phone call in which "a measured voice threatens disciplinary action for gross personal misconduct". He was warned that "the master-servant relationship compels you to act in the interests of your employer". He withdrew from the inquiry.

Dr Richard Smith, assistant editor of the *BMJ*, has a file of letters from all over the country detailing cases of intimidation like these together with complaints about growing secrecy over consultations, meetings closed to outsiders and reports given restricted circulation. A selection was published in the *BMJ* prompting a further flood of correspondence.

Two days after a doctor working for the Health and Safety Executive spoke to an MP of her fears about cuts in the service, John Rimington, the director general, issued a memo to all staff instructing them not to speak to MPs or the press backed by a threat of disciplinary action. Health authorities in Bristol, north west Surrey and Tower Hamlets, to name only three, have similarly instructed all their employees that they may not speak to the press without prior approval. "It has become almost routine," says Smith.

The immediate dangers of this policy are well illustrated by an incident at the Great Ormond Street children's hospital. An outbreak of a highly resistant strain of staphylococcus bacteria resulted in the closure of a new unit that had been

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opened only two days earlier by Mrs Thatcher. The only defence against such outbreaks is for medical staff to wash their hands constantly between every procedure. Surgeons suggested to an *Observer* journalist who had got hold of the story that the outbreak might be related to the hospital's chronic shortage of staff. With too few staff working too hard corners had to be cut; regular hand washing could well have become a casualty. But no doctor would be quoted on this theory for fear of the repercussions. The debate about a critical effect of the pressures on the health service was consequently stifled.

A very different example is provided by the issue of screening for breast cancer. Last year the Forest report, published and accepted by the government, claimed that thousands of lives could be saved by the introduction of a mass screening programme. Now a groundswell of medical opinion is questioning its conclusion. "This needs debating uphill and downdale," says Smith. "How many women should we screen? Which ones? How much should we spend? But the government isn't keen because it has jumped on a political bandwagon, committed the money and said it is going ahead."

Doctors are being gagged, reports suppressed, health authorities packed with yes men (and a few women) and research more tightly controlled.

The longer term dangers are even more worrying. Where it is not only resources but the debate about them that is strangled, the deterioration of the service is assured. The example of the prison medical service serves as a warning. An obsessive secrecy fostered a decline in standards and morale to a dismal level. Two years ago the Commons social services committee called for "closer liaison" between the prison medical service and the NHS, acknowledging that the public nature of the latter was the best guarantee of its high standards.

The reason why the principle of free and unfettered debate is losing ground in the health service is linked to the development of the new, post-Griffiths, management culture. Health authorities are becoming more like companies with chief executives paid by results. Doctors have hitherto acknowledged loyalty only to their patients. Now loyalty towards the organisation has become an issue in a way it never was before. The introduction of an internal market with health authorities competing for business —an option being seriously considered by the NHS review—would accentuate this conflict.

The new thinking was neatly summarised by Jeff Prosser, unit general manager of community services in Tower Hamlets. He wrote to all his staff telling them that they were forbidden to contact MPs, journalists, councillors or health authority members following an "incident which caused the authority some embarrassment". He added that "a breach of these instructions could result in disciplinary proceedings."

When details of his letter appeared in the *British Medical Journal*, Prosser leapt onto the offensive. If an employee of the British Medical Association were to complain to a journalist or MP about something without first raising it with management, he argued, "I am sure that action against that person would follow." A similar policy "applies in every major organisation, public or private, of which I am aware," he said.

It was robust defence. But the NHS is not like the BMA or Sainsbury's or IBM. A large company aims to benefit its employees and its shareholders. The NHS has much more complex aims and belongs to us all. There can be no worries about damaging commercial confidence by the open discussion of its shortcomings (at least until we have an internal market). On the contrary, encouraging open debate—despite the inevitable politicking—is the best way to improve things.

This debate is now threatened from a further angle. The wording of the contract of researchers funded by the DHSS has been changed in a way that many academics interpret as an attempt to stop publication of results that may not fit with government policy. Previously contracts said that the researcher was required to "consider" any comments the Secretary of State might make but could nevertheless publish "in the original form as he thinks fit". The new contracts specify unequivocally that publication "is subject to the prior consent of the Secretary of State."

Two former government chief scientists, Richard Cohen and Sir Douglas Black, and the current chairman of the Committee of Vice Chancellors, Mark Richmond, have protested at the change. John Moore, the Secretary of State for Health, has replied that the alteration was made only to clarify the copyright position and that there has been "no change in policy". Richmond wrote back to Moore last month stressing that he and his colleagues remained "deeply concerned" and would be keeping the situation "under careful review".

The new pressures have silenced some voices but amplified others. Professor Geoffrey Rose, an expert on heart disease at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, has publicly stated that he will "never undertake research without freedom to publish" even if this "precludes collaboration with colleagues supported by the DHSS".

John Guy, the orthopaedic surgeon who provoked Nicholas Ridley's wrath, continues to feed awkward questions about standards in the health service to a sympathetic peer in the House of Lords. Threats do not worry him "in the slightest". "My cupboard is clean. I pay my taxes, I do my work, I'm not afraid of the establishment at all."

Some of those working in the health service have understandably succumbed to intimidation and kept a low profile. But we may have reason to feel grateful in the future to those others who remain unbowed. ●

Peter Schrank

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Ghost riders in the sky

Joan Smith
Photographs by Monique Cabral

Tweaking the tiger's tail during Sunday's Open Day at the Upper Heyford USAF base. The tiger woman above is a squadron mascot.

You have to pity the poor USAF bomber pilot. There he is in his flying suit, his reflecting aviator glasses, and his multi-million dollar machine, all dressed up and nowhere to go. Until nuclear war breaks out, he is condemned to fly on endless manoeuvres in which he is forbidden to do the very thing he's trained for: kill people.

Meanwhile all he can do is dream. Sometimes he is moved to write down his dreams, as did a group of pilots from the USAF 77th Tactical Fighter Squadron stationed at Upper Heyford in Oxfordshire in the form of *The Gamblers' Song Book* ("The Gamblers" being the squadron's nickname). The introduction reads:

> This book is our thoughts, our songs and our games. Lesser individuals who have never strapped their asses to a piece of flaming metal will consider these of little or no redeeming social value. Because of this, the songs contained in this book are held as sacred by those of us who have. These people do not know, nor will they ever know, what it means to be a FIGHTER PILOT. The book is not for them . . . it is for us. The GAMBLERS is a collection of over 75 years of tradition. A tradition that will never die as long as enemy aggression challenges for supremacy of the skies and free men rise to defeat them . . .

The song book was briefly put on sale by mistake last year, but this is essentially a private collection which provides a unique insight into the thoughts of the pilots of F1-11 nuclear bombers — men who suffer at once from the acute stresses and frustrations of nuclear warfare. They consider themselves elite inheritors of an honourable tradition which won't be understood by lesser mortals. The songs in the book are "sacred" — set apart, worthy of veneration.

What, then, sets them apart? The songs reveal at once overwhelming preoccupations with sex and death, intense fear and unacknowledged hate. They are revolting, obscene; but if we are to seize this unique opportunity to explore the bleak horror of these young men's psyche, they must be confronted. The dominant themes emerge in the Heyford squadron's own "Victor Alert Song", which is sung to the tune of "My Favourite Things". It begins thus:

> Reading our porno and picking our asses
> Checking our forms out and passing our gasses
> Silver sleek B–61's slung below
> Nuclear war and we're ready to go

Sex and death form a continuum: the first activity occupies their time, even in the vicarious form of reading pornography, until the second takes over. A couple of verses later, the enemy is identified:

> Leaving the orbit our pits start to sweat
> We'll asshole those fuckers and that's a sure bet
> Burn all those Ruskies and cover 'em with dirt
> That's why we love sitting Victor Alert

The sexual imagery now carries over into combat itself: the Russians, "those fuckers", will be "assholed" in turn. The song's final verse and chorus are as follows:

> Nearing the target, our nerves they are STEADY
> Switches are thrown and we got us a READY
> Bay doors are open, the jobs (sic) almost done
> Killing those Commies, we're having some fun

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When the shit fills up your flight suit
And you're feeling had, just simply remember that
Big mushroom cloud, and then you won't feel
SO BAD

Sex, mingled with fear, persists in the form of an undertone: the ambiguous phrase "we got us a READY" could apply equally to a state of preparedness for sex or for war — or for evacuation. The pilot, overwhelmed by terror, is exhorted to remember "that Big mushroom cloud", the after-effect of detonation which, streaming unstoppably upwards and outwards, could well stand as a metaphor for orgasm. But, below the bravado, the song expresses above all else a powerful sense of fear. The paradox of these men's existence is that the job they are trained to do is likely to cost them their lives. It is hardly surprising, then, that death — violent death — haunts the 52 pages of the book. And time and time again woman is the image chosen to represent that nemesis, as in the following song, "Ghost Fuckers In The Sky":

An old cowpoke went riding out
One dark and windy day
Stopped beneath a shady tree
And paused to beat his meat
When all at once a slant-eyed bitch
Came ridin' down the trail
He stopped her and asked her
How 'bout a piece of tail?
Her tits were all a floppin'
Her cunt ate out with clap
He socked it to her anyway
And gave her ass a slap
She shit, she moaned
She groaned
She threw him from her crack
He rolled across the desert
And broke his fucking back

At long last the F1–11 pilot (he is an "old cowpoke", he has been waiting for this) sets off on the final mission. He sees the enemy, who both allures and repels him, sees his own death embodied there ("Her cunt ate out with clap"), but his desire, fuelled by years of self-denial, is too strong ("He socked it to her anyway"). The attack, which is visualised as a rape, results in his own death ("broke his fucking back"). The song is fatalistic; the protagonist unquestioningly accepts his fate.

This is not the case throughout the book. The most disturbing song, baldly entitled "I Fucked A Dead Whore", runs as follows:

I fucked a dead whore by the road side,
I knew right away she was dead.
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.
And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away that I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy,
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in.
Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in,
Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

These lines bring irresistibly to mind the crimes of the Yorkshire Ripper. Here, far from acquiescing in his own destruction, the protagonist triumphantly cheats death. He begins by willingly accepting it ("I knew right away she was dead"), even revelling in the manifestations of decay, yet refuses to pay the price of the encounter ("I knew right away that I had sinned"), withdrawing not only himself but his

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life force — his sperm. It is a fantasy in which the pilot goes into battle, experiences the sexual thrill of killing, and still manages to escape with his life. Both songs raise the question of what the pilots see in a woman that leads them to use her as their chief image for death.

One clue lies in the way in which women's bodies appear to provoke both excitement and disgust in the pilots. (Even in the song just quoted, the corpse's "pussy" is sweet.) A hymn of hate called "These Foolish Things (Remind Me Of You)" makes this point crystal clear:

> Ten pounds of tittie in a loose brassiere,
> A twat that twitches like a mouses ear,
> Ejaculation in my glass of beer
> These foolish things remind me of you.
> A pubic hair upon my breakfast roll,
> A bloody kotex in my toilet bowl,
> The smelly fragrance of your fat asshole,
> These foolish things remind me of you.
> A sloppy blowjob in a taxicab,
> A cunt that's covered with syphilitic scabs,
> These foolish things remind me of you.

In this song, as in others mentioned above, the protagonist feels a powerful and confusing blend of attraction and repulsion to the woman he is addressing. Because the desire is strong, it seems unlikely that the woman's vagina really is "covered with syphilitic scabs"; this is a wish on the pilot's part, the punishment he would like to impose on her.

A similar image crops up in "The Ballad of Lupe", a song about a Mexican prostitute: she is praised at the beginning for her skill at fellatio, only to wind up "dead in her tomb, while maggots crawl out of her decomposed womb" — again, her punishment for the pleasurable feelings she has stirred up in the man.

It is not a huge step from wanting women dead to appropriating them as an image for death itself. But not just for death; although the transformation is never directly acknowledged, women fulfil a further role for the pilots in that they take the place of the distant, unseen, and unknowable enemy. Indeed, in some sense women are the enemy.

Why should the pilots think that? One could construct an answer which starts with the nature of modern American society. But that would obscure the fact that we are dealing with a phenomenon which has been observed in other, unrelated military units.

Consider the Freikorps, the private right-wing death squads which roamed Germany after the First World War, many of whose members were later recruited by the Nazis. In his book *Male Fantasies* (Polity, 1987), the German academic Klaus Theweleit examines a mass of Freikorps material, including their novels and autobiographies. There are obvious differences between these writings and the Upper Heyford songs of the 1980s. Nevertheless, we still find passages of sexual sadism in which women undergo humiliation as a punishment for their supposed sexual activities in a manner reminiscent of the "whores" in the USAF song book.

Riders In The German Night by Hanns Heinz Ewers (1932) is a long, complicated novel whose Freikorps hero, First Lieutenant Gerhard Scholz, is incestuously loved by his sister, Kaete. In order to save Scholz from prison, she gives herself to a Belgian colonel and gains a reputation as a whore. She is captured by a group of German youths, admirers of Scholz, who put her on trial, cut off her hair, force her to take a laxative, and march her off into the woods:

> "Jump to it, sweetheart," their leader says. "You'll find a pig's wallow down there — the sort of place a prize slut like you belongs!" She stood there on the country road, helpless, immobile. "Get a move on, fairy princess!" the leader warned, "Into the woods with you. A bit of movement will soon warm you up. A sight for sore eyes, you are — with your bald head and shit all over your dress!" boy gave her a whack across her fanny with his switch. "Move it, you whore, before I have to do it for you!"

Her captors leave her to wander through the woods, too ashamed of her condition to approach anyone and ask for help. Eventually she dies of pneumonia.

There is a striking parallel between Kaete the "whore", bald and shit-smeared, and the "dead whore" found by the roadside in the USAF song. Each woman is punished for her sexuality — the whore for being a whore (how did he know that's what she was, by the way? Because all women are whores?), Kaete because of her incestuous passion and her relationship with the Belgian colonel, even though the purpose of the latter was her brother's freedom.

What the Freikorps writings lack in descriptions of sex they make up for in those of violence. At first glance this differentiates them from the USAF songs, in which women tend to be already dead when the action begins or progress to that state without obvious violence; one explanation for this is that the Freikorps men were seasoned fighters, familiar with cavalry charges and street battles in a way that airmen, engaging in combat only at long distance, are not.

Favourite targets for the Freikorps fighters are the Red Army riflewomen, fantasy monsters who, according to Nazi propaganda, were "cruel furies . . . bestialised and devoid of all human feeling". They take us back to the idea that, no matter who the ostensible enemy might be, women always constitute the group who are most to be feared. Theweleit quotes a passage from Edwin Dwinger's novel *Die letzten Reiter* (1935) in which one of these Red Army women, Marja, falls into Freikorps hands and is brutallymurdered, ostensibly in punishment for the murders she has perpetrated. As the Freikorps squadron moves off a few minutes later, they pass a stream packed with the bodies of dead Bolsheviks:

> The last body they ride past seems to be that of a woman. But it's very hard to tell, since all that's been left is a bloody mass, a lump of flesh that appears to have been completely lacerated with whips and is now lying within a circle of trampled, reddish slush.

The Freikorps men's attempts to justify their attacks on women have a subtle parallel in the Upper Heyford song book. Here we find an emphasis not on women's guilt in being allied with the actual enemy, but on their sexual infidelity and their proclivity to use up men. Several of the USAF songs about sexually active women warn of their insatiability." Masturbating Man", a complaint about the untrustworthiness of women, begins: "Melinda was mine, til (sic) the time that I found her, sucking Jim, blowing him." The song ends with a promise that: ". . . until I can find me/A girl who'll lay and won't play games behind me/I'll be what I am, a Masturbating Man."

These complaints have a manufactured air, just as do the Freikorps fantasies about wild-eyed, barbarous rifle-women; we are still faced with the question of why these diverse groups of military men should so detest women and take pleasure in their destruction. Theweleit's observation about the Freikorps men seems equally true of both groups: "The women's crime seems to be that they excite the men too much and that the men cannot stand this inner turmoil." He backs it up with a revealing passage from *Der Berg der Rebellen* (1937) by Kurt Eggers: "With their screams and filthy giggling, vulgar women excite men's urges. Let our revulsion flow into a single river of destruction. A destruction which will be incomplete if it does not also trample their hearts and souls."

Military men, probably more than any others, spend their lives in a state of repressed emotion. Normal human reactions to danger must be kept at bay if they are to carry out their function. Women could force a chink in the men's armour which would then allow in unwanted feelings — fear and the urge to flee instead of fight.

The men are also afraid of women's sexuality, both because it disgusts them and because they cannot cope with the intense feelings it arouses. The reaction is partly explained by the fact that most Judaeo-Christian societies hate sex, and the men in them have inherited a tradition which projects onto women the guilt that accompanies their own arousal. By obliterating the women they hope to remove the cause of their guilt (as well as their temptation). That is why Eggers demands that the annihilation of women should be complete, that it should "trample their hearts and souls".

Men who are part of a macho, swaggering culture, as are the USAF pilots at Upper Heyford and as were the proto-Nazis of the Freikorps, constantly have to prove their masculine identity. One of the characteristics that differentiates them from the other sex is their prized absence of feeling.

When they are caught unawares by feeling, whether of love or lust or pity or rage, they have no experience to fall back on. They are swept back helplessly to the one period in their lives when the barricades against emotion were still down, the earliest days of their existence. That is a lost paradise; but no matter how happy they were then, nestled in mother's arms and reliant on her for affection and sustenance, they have since learned to despise themselves for their involuntary acquiescence to female power.

Even worse, it was a time when they lacked masculine identity, not knowing the boundary between their fledgling selves and their mothers' accommodating bodies. Now, as outwardly tough but secretly vulnerable adult men, their greatest fear is a return to that humiliating state, which threatens every time they are confronted by intense feeling. Emotion is capable of annihilating them. Is it surprising that the dreams of such men are dreams of dead women? ●

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The brutes are coming

The European Championships may show, once again, says **John Williams,** *that you can cage our fans, but not their violence. It's part of the British way of life.*

People on the continent now overwhelmingly regard the British abroad as drunken and violent louts—thanks largely to the conduct of English football fans. Young Parisians who have encountered "our boys" on previous football expeditions, nowadays know all young Englishmen simply as "les fuck-offs".

Tens of thousands of English fans are, of course, now abroad — for the European Championships in West Germany — for the first time since the Heysel tragedy in Belgium in 1985. For three years English clubs have been banned by football's European governing body, UEFA, but the world body, FIFA, has allowed the English national side to continue playing.

Senior English officials are hoping that the limited disorder at England's recent games against Sweden, West Germany and Switzerland means that the hooligans are on the retreat. But anyone who gets more than a glimpse of match proceedings from the smug world of the directors' box knows that the potential for trouble has merely been dammed up. And whatever happens in West Germany will be just a media-soaked prelude to the exodus of all-male drinking crews who will pour across to Spain for their summer entertainment.

Massive police presences, elaborate neo-military procedures for segregating and escorting rival fans to and from matches, and formidable cages and fences have limited disturbances in England. But occasionally, when the precautions prove inadequate, as at the England-Wales match and Chelsea's violent send-off from the First Division, fans demonstrate their continued capacity for trouble.

Once abroad, all the arguments of those who—like the hapless Minister for Sport—advocate more definitive controls as the way to "solve" the problem look thinner and more disreputable than ever.

Attention has centred on a near-mystical 500 "mavericks" who are said to be travelling outside the English FA's loosely woven net with the intention of picking up match tickets as they go and causing aggro at every opportunity.

Further, the Ministry of Defence has defended the rights of British troops serving in West Germany to buy match tickets for themselves (and visiting friends) for seats in the Dutch-dominated "neutral" sections of the Dusseldorf stadium (which will host England's match with the Netherlands). This could be an explosive affair. The tolerance and universally good behaviour which their government claims on behalf of the British forces has escaped the notice of some residents who live in or near "squaddy" towns at home and abroad.

Match tickets won't be hard to come by. The UEFA and West German authorities don't seem to be concerned about the prospects of English fans buying tickets locally and thus "mixing" with rival fans. The quest for profit seems to have a hypnotic effect, as at Heysel, even though the result could be serious disturbances.

UEFA may be justified in arguing that they can't stage matches under suffocating restrictions simply to keep English marauders in check. But it's not just English fans who need containing. Football hooliganism is a European disease. The Dutch, especially, have seen their own troubles mount to almost uncontrollable proportions. In West Germany, too, clashes between rival fans are now routine at major games. And English fans have suffered vicious attacks from Italian and Spanish "ultras".

Hooliganism in these countries is flavoured by the involvement of right-wing extremists who have attempted to establish links between like-minded followers drawn from other footballing cultures. Judging by previous experiences at England matches abroad, and the routine racism at domestic League games, the team from across the Channel will not want for the attentions of the violent repatriation lobby. The Championships could demonstrate a cross-national racist alliance with football as a convenient focus. The game in this country could hardly complain, given the apparent lack of commitment at the highest level to deal seriously with racism.

Ironically, given that Italian casual wear has been at the heart of soccer's style wars in England and Scotland, "top boys" on the continent have recently been consciously apeing their counterparts over here. Young fans in northern Europe are avid followers of fan rivalries in England. Information comes from cross-Channel fan contacts and the extensive TV coverage abroad of the British game. Union Jacks are flown by some of the hardest continentals in deference to the terrace "professionals" from London and elsewhere.

English troublemakers remain top of the league. Visits to hostile big city football grounds in England have become part of the initiation into working class manhood for hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen. The named hooligan gangs which have sprung up in England over the past ten years are not out-of-place amidst the game's spartan and rundown facilities and the macho posturings on the field and in the boardrooms. They have provided national recognition and a source of status.

Today, many of the "football" crews operate regularly downtown, at boxing and wherever there is a reasonable chance of a good drink-up and a ruck (most city centres of a Friday night, for example). Researchers abroad still regard hooliganism as a symptom of teenage frustration and alienation. Here, we take these things more seriously. Major events are pre-planned by key figures in their late 20s and 30s, sometimes older. Some, especially in the south, hold down what the press like to call "good jobs"; working class boys making out at work and play. Further north, the dole looms larger. Fully attuned to the enterprise culture, at least one crew was recently investigating copyrighting its name for protection on possible merchandising deals.

It's too easy to blame Thatcherism for these terrace rivalries, though the racism, chauvinism, regional antipathy and macho-cynicism which has become associated with the English game is perhaps as closely in tune with the present administration's barely-concealed ideological agenda. The government's assertions that the game alone carries the responsibility for hooliganism, and the means for resolving the problem (membership enclosures, family enclosures), echoes other policy areas where the victims of deep-seated social problems are invited to put their own houses in order.

But hooliganism and the search for satisfying male working class identities, on the streets and at football grounds in Britain, long pre-date the Thatcher regime. Important clues to the meaning of this week's patriotic exodus lie in our imperialist past as well as in the complex interplay between the structures of gender and class in a nation which still prides itself on its regional solidarities and manly virtues.

Recent feminist accounts in the wake of the Sutcliffe murders provide important and relevant insights into the violent articulations of "ordinary" male relationships and the fear of the feminine which underpins much of the hooligan repertoire. It is perhaps instructive, too, that the leader of the People's Party has established his own male credentials by responding with fisticuffs to aggression. Neil won't be in West Germany. But, then, the English will not want for young men willing and able, as the euphemism has it, to take care of themselves.

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Fate of the Nation

The first merger in the New Statesman's history was something of a reverse takeover.
Robert Skidelsky, *Keynes's biographer, reflects on its political significance.*

The *New Statesman* has once more demonstrated its talent for survival by gobbling up a rival. Since it was started in 1913 it has absorbed three titles: the *Nation and Athenaeum* in 1931, *Weekend Review* and now *New Society*. But before glancing back at the circumstances of the earlier takeover, it is worth asking a general question. Why does there appear to be room for only two political weeklies—in the traditional sense of journals which combine comments on the week's news with the advocacy of opinion? Two answers are generally given, neither completely convincing.

The first is that there are only two political tendencies, and therefore room for only two journals of opinion. But the conclusion does not follow. Not only are there many tendencies within and between the main ones, but in 1914, with the two main political parties as today, there were half a dozen top class political weeklies. (Who now remembers *The New Age*, brilliantly edited by A R Orage?) The interesting question here is why the revival of the centre in the 1970s and 1980s failed to generate a new weekly. Could it be because it never generated a point of view sufficiently distinctive to give character to a journal?

The second point often made is that the market is not large enough to support more than two commercially viable products. Specifically, the market for the political weeklies has been largely captured by the quality Sundays. It is perfectly true that the rise of the supplements coincided with the collapse in circulations of the *Spectator* and *New Statesman* after their palmy days in the 1950s. But, taking a longer view, the viability of the political weeklies has never depended on their circulations or advertising revenue. The half dozen weeklies before the first world war all had tiny circulations. What they depended on was proprietors willing to stand moderate losses for the sake of advancing a cause, or exerting political influence, or promoting a political tendency, not by weight of numbers, but by quality of advocacy.

This, I think, gets us closer to the cause of the decline of weekly journalism. The weeklies have become marginalised, not in terms of circulation, which was always small, but of influence. They are no longer close to the heartbeat of political life in the way they used to be. This is partly because the nature of intellectual input into politics has changed. The old political weeklies were part of the apparatus of political preaching, at a time when the intellectual side of politics was about proclaiming and elaborating principles. The weeklies have been decimated not by the supplement, but by the think tank. The *Nation* and *New Statesman* were both started to promote political causes. Now the money goes into institutes, from which it is hoped "policies" will emerge.

The *Nation* arrived first, started in 1907. It was the successor of the *Speaker*, a "first class weekly journal" founded in 1890 to support Gladstone and Irish Home Rule. It aimed to "take from Socialism what is good and reject what is bad". Although the wealthy classes switched from Liberal to Tory after 1886, there were still enough rich Liberals like the Rowntrees and Cadburys prepared to fund journals which they conceived as moral enterprises. The *Speaker* was taken over by the Rowntree Trust in 1907 and renamed the *Nation*, with that redoubtable Liberal moralist, Hugh Massingham, as editor. It became the bastion of high-minded New Liberalism, long in principle and short on policy, which flourished in Oxford and Hampstead. Its galaxy of intellectuals met every week for lunch with leading politicians.

By the early 1920s both the *Nation* and the Liberal Party were in a state of collapse. The Rowntrees were getting tired of financing the magazine's losses. Despite incorporating the *Athenaeum* in 1921, circulation slipped to 8,000. Also Massingham's editorial policy inclined to increasingly eccentric support for the Labour Party, which offended the Liberal backers. The *Nation* was saved for Liberalism by a complicated manoeuvre. A group of Manchester-based Liberals, who included C P Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, had initiated the

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Liberal Summer Schools in an effort to update Liberal policy to meet postwar conditions. Associated with them was the Cambridge economist J M Keynes, who wanted to associate Liberalism with monetary reform. They were both looking for a journalistic platform. What then happened was that Keynes acquired the *Nation* on behalf of the Liberal Summer School, and then hijacked it for his own version of secular salvation. The original plan had been to appoint Ramsay Muir as editor. But Keynes soon made it clear that he had little sympathy with Muir's wishy-washy brand of Liberalism. He imposed such strict conditions on Muir's editorship, including a reduction in salary, that Muir resigned, correctly accusing Keynes of trying to reduce the Summer Group to "impotence" in the conduct of the paper. Keynes was then left free to appoint his Cambridge colleague Hubert Henderson as editor. Walter Layton, another Cambridge economist who joined the board, foresaw that the *Nation* would be dominated by the "Cambridge School of Economics". The new *Nation* was definitely Cambridge, not Oxford.

As Keynes had told Muir, it was temperamentally impossible for him to be a "sleeping partner" in any organisation he joined. He made the crucial appointments of editor and literary editor which determined the "tone" of the front and back parts; he decided both its pricing policy and management structure and personally led the drive to increase subscriptions. In the first year he wrote at least one article a week, often two or three, and remained a regular contributor throughout its life. Above all, Keynes was decisive in swinging the *Nation* behind Lloyd George in 1926, thus helping to break the Asquithian hold on the Liberal Party.

As in all political weeklies, there were tensions between the "front" and the "back". Keynes's first choice as literary editor was T S Eliot, then languishing at Lloyds Bank. But Eliot, according to his biographer Peter Ackroyd, "spun out the situation into endless complexities", and Keynes eventually appointed Leonard Woolf at a salary of £500 a year, half of Henderson's. Woolf insisted on complete autonomy for his part of the paper. If Henderson objected to any article or review he intended to publish, Keynes would arbitrate between them.

If Cambridge economics dominated the front of the paper, Cambridge aestheticism, as represented by the Bloomsbury Group, reigned in the back. Lytton Strachey was the star contributor (at a special rate of £50 an article—about £1,000 in today's values), while Leonard Woolf wrote the weekly "World of Books" page himself. The resulting high-brow and coterie flavour of the back section was by no means to the liking of Henderson, who urged on Woolf non-Bloomsbury writers and a more generous appreciation of the middle-brow. But Woolf stuck to his guns and Keynes usually backed him, though Woolf constantly complained about the "squeeze" on his pages.

The *Nation* projected itself as "the organ of a new school of Liberal thought which includes some of the most original economists and political thinkers in England" and also as the "leading weekly review of the Literature and the Arts". Some eminent readers felt it lived up to its billing. The American columnist Walter Lippman wrote to Keynes that "the impression of direct contact with the problems you are discussing amazes me. The *Nation* doesn't seem to have that characteristic fault of weekly reviews which comes from seeming to comment merely upon the comments that have already been made in the daily newspapers".

By most tests it was the most influential of the three weeklies, though it had the lowest circulation (6,000-7,000 compared to the *Spectator*'s 18,000 and the *New Statesman*'s 10,000). Keynes's articles, in particular, were regularly discussed in the national press and were required reading in the Treasury and Bank of England.

The *Nation*'s death was not due to financial problems. Losses were reduced to an average of £250 a year in the last three years of the *Nation*'s life, due to ruthless cost-cutting and a large increase in advertising revenue. What caused Keynes to call it a day was the departure of Hubert Henderson in 1930, the impending loss of Leonard Woolf, and the failure of the Liberal Party to make a breakthrough in the 1929 general election. The political balance of the left-centre had shifted decisively to the Labour Party. At the same time, shake-up in the *New Statesman* suggested the possibility of a merger.

> *A journal of the left has to have a cause*

The *New Statesman* had been started in 1913 by the Webbs as an "organ of Fabianism". It proposed to spread the ideal of "good government in the light of reason". It was thus to the formation of *educated* opinion that the *New Statesman*, no less than the *Nation*, was aimed: it was to be indispensable reading for the *elites*. There was no expectation of profit: the shareholders in the new company knew they were backing a cause, not a business venture.

Sidney Webb became chairman of the board, and Clifford Sharp, a Fabian journalist, was appointed editor. The star contributor was Bernard Shaw. From the start Sharp, "who was not a nice man", insisted on complete editorial freedom; unsurprisingly to those who knew them, the Webbs acquiesced. When Shaw's exuberance and sense of mischief failed to fit the collectivist house style, Sharp started to edit his contributions. When Shaw protested, Sharp stopped printing his articles. Shaw finally stopped writing, though he went on generously paying his share of the losses.

The *New Statesman* under Sharp was didactic, brisk, scientific: all Fabian head and little socialist heart. Although the *New Statesman* acquired some good economic writers in the 1920s, like Mostyn Lloyd and G D H Cole, it failed to evolve into a powerhouse of ideas for the labour movement. This proved to be a serious weakness, as it was a Labour, not Liberal, government which held office during the Great Depression of 1929-31. The irrelevance of Fabian state socialism was perhaps dimly glimpsed by Clifford Sharp himself who gravitated increasingly into the inert Asquithian camp—Keynes described him to Lloyd George as an "Asquithian Liberal"—at the precise moment when the *Nation* was championing radical cures for unemployment.

I say "dimly" perceived, because in the late 1920s Sharp had become a hopeless alcoholic, and the board of the *New Statesman* finally decided, in 1932 that he had to go. Otherwise, the *New Statesman* was in reasonably good health. Its circulation had risen from an initial 3,000 to 10,000 by 1929; its advertising revenue was buoyant, much more so than the *Nation*'s; and it would have been profitable (just).

For the *New Statesman* board, therefore, it was mainly a question of replacing Sharp. Keynes had more ambitious plans. He had first proposed a merger in 1929, the two papers combining to form a new "Liberal" journal. This was turned down. In the autumn of 1930 he put together a new merger package. What decided him to try again was that he knew Kingsley Martin was available to take over the editorship of the *New Statesman*. Martin was a Cambridge man. Though he had failed to get a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, Keynes was so impressed by his thesis on Lord Palmerston that he got him a reviewing job in the *Nation*. When Martin, languishing at the *Manchester Guardian*, told Keynes he was in the job market, Keynes suggested him to Arnold Bennett as a possible editor of the magazine.

The push for the merger certainly came from the *Nation* side. Keynes looked for an amalgamation on equal terms, but was worsted in negotiations by the *New Statesman*'s acute business manager, John Roberts. Roberts was clear that this was to be an acquisition, with the *New Statesman*'s staff running the new show. His financial position was stronger, and anyway Keynes was too busy to give the negotiations his full attention.

The first issue of the *New Statesman and Nation* appeared on 28 February 1931. It styled itself as an independent organ of the left without special affiliation to a political party. Many of the *Nation*'s contributors continued to write for it, including Keynes who produced one of his most notable articles—advocating Protection—for its second issue. Keynes continued to interfere in editorial policy, objecting particularly to the paper's growing sympathy for Soviet Communism; but whereas the *Nation* bore the stamp of Keynes, the *New Statesman* was unmistakably Kingsley Martin's.

A moral of sorts does emerge from this tale which may be of contemporary relevance. A political weekly of the right, like the *Spectator*, can survive by being literate and amusing. A journal of the left has to have a cause. Both the *Nation* and the *New Statesman* were crusading magazines: they stood for righting wrongs. They had rich backers who shared those causes. They were literate, and often amusing as well. ●

Next week: Anthony Barnett on the current merger (and a cause for the new magazine).

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Soviet freedom

Paul Hirst

Perestroika is a western political issue. Soviet policy closely links economic reconstruction at home and a foreign policy committed to disarmament and lessening international tension.

Perestroika exists because economic reforms are vital to the Soviets' survival as a great power. Political change, democratisation and decentralisation are crucial to the economic reforms. Because of this it is simply necessary to transform the Soviet state. If the offshoot of *perestroika* is an acceptable standard of civil liberties, openness and the beginnings of effective public influence, then the Soviet Union may come to be trusted in the west and judged safe to keep its word in matters of disarmament. That is a huge if, but it would shake and change political authority in western Europe almost as much as *perestroika* would have done in the Soviet Union.

Too many western socialists are perplexed by Gorbachev because they dare not hope for real change. To commit oneself again and to be savagely disappointed, that would be impossible. Better wait and see. In paralysing hope, this response also cripples thinking about how to react to the possibilities raised by a change in Soviet policies.

One way out is to set the stakes for Soviet reform so high that one can neither be credited with any illusions whatever happens nor can one's western democratic credentials be called into question. That is how John Keane ("Gorbachev's Grasp of Democracy", *New Statesman*, 20 May) seems to have decided to play it. So sceptical is he about Soviet intentions and so committed to judging Soviet reform by the place given to "civil society", he questions whether Soviet democracy is the wanted child of Communist Party affairs. I, too, doubt very much whether more than a handful of senior Soviet politicians are committed to "Soviet democracy" and am certain that almost none of them wish to surrender the leading role of the Communist Party. To advocate that would be political suicide, even if they believed it.

Intentions are not the issue. Reform has become an inescapable issue because of the gravity of the economic and social crisis. Democratisation is on the agenda because no purely technical reform without decentralisation and the promotion of local initiative will work. *Perestroika* is not a clearly thought-out reform programme but a process. Its success will be measured less by the starting intentions than by what it sets in train. Obviously Soviet reforms are aimed at preserving superpower status, a national renewal geared to the needs of the state. It would be surprising if this were not the aim. But the reasons for starting the reform process are as nothing to the expectations generated if it continues. Soviet youth already perceive the west to be a superior way of life, often through fantastical exaggerations and misperceptions of capitalist wealth and freedom. The youth culture of the Soviet Union is already unshakeably established—and the young want not merely consumer goods but the liberty to enjoy them. *Perestroika* will start having to meet these demands, too, as well as official requirements for economic efficiency.

A merely bureaucratic reform is inconceivable. But "democratisation" is a complex process. It can proceed at various paces and directions. The USSR is not Poland and the emphasis John Keane places on "civil society" comes from eastern Europe. "Civil Society" implies a plurality of social interests existing independently of the state. But the space for such interests is at present small in the Soviet Union, and yet the system needs democratising reform. Reform can't *start* with a western liberal model. Democratisation to begin with means getting Soviet institutions to work better and invigorating political debate within the Communist Party. Liberalisation means tolerating dissident opinion and stopping treating youth culture as anti-social.

Gorbachev is a Soviet reformer, not a Western liberal. How, then, should we judge the success of perestroika?

Most Soviet activists will act within the official organs and channels, and will be more effective in doing so. *Perestroika* is a process within the Soviet system and not one aimed at supplanting it. It has begun as a revolution from above—within the Communist Party—for the obvious reason that that is the only place a revolution *could* start in the Soviet Union.

The first real test of democratisation is whether the party can allow genuine debate and electoral contests internally and not tear itself apart. The next test is if party and state functions can begin to be separated, and in particular if elections to the Soviets are allowed to become real contests. No sensible person would consider that "democratisation" had proceeded very far if matters stopped there, but to get that far would be a real achievement. *Perestroika* will take years during which it will be under the threat of a conservative backlash.

Given the extent of corruption, the mass of local oligarchies and the dogged defence of official privilege, the reformers have to use party and state power to root out incompetents and enemies of reform. Democratisation, bureaucratic in-fighting and police measures will all have to go hand-in-hand. This is the reality of politics, Soviet-style. The system cannot be altered by good intentions, but by winning in the actual process of political competition. This process can only take place in the higher echelons of the party. The committed reformers do not want matters to end there.

John Keane's scepticism is based on a refusal to accept that such a compromised political process can produce any result acceptable to a democrat. But there is no other process. Our fastidious distaste will alter nothing. We have simply to judge the odds of real change occurring. That seems to be close to the view in Anthony Barnett's *Soviet Freedom* (Picador). John Keane found the book hard to swallow, both because of its intense enthusiasm for change and because it explored without self-conscious distancing the actual dilemmas of radical change in a centralised bureaucratic state.

Only if we recognise the distinctive politics of the Soviet Union can we judge the success or failure of the reformers by appropriate standards. The most inappropriate one is to demand that it turn relatively quickly into a liberal democracy. By that standard it must fail, in its own terms as much as in ours. President Reagan's continued pressure on human rights at the summit is not disinterested, it is an attempt to get *American* views established as the sole basis for judging Soviet society. Gorbachev resolutely refused this assertion of hegemony, not merely to please Ligachev and the party conservatives but because he is a *Soviet* reformer and not a western liberal. The left in the west can do little to hasten *perestroika*, even if it, too, will pay should reform fail. What the left can do is to try to ensure that the reforms are judged in the west by realistic standards. If the Soviets then succeed, we may find a large shadow has been removed from our own politics.

Paul Hirst is Professor of Politics at Birkbeck College, London. His article is a contribution to a debate on perestroika which has been raging in the New Statesman. New readers can catch up on what's gone before by sending in a stamped and self-addressed A4 envelope marked "perestroika".

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LETTERS

The corpses of Gaitskellism

John Lloyd is entitled to his opinion that *Tribune* is "stale" ("Why the electricians must stay", *NS*, 27 May). As he is one of those trying to foist the corpses of Gaitskellism and Bad Godesberg on the Labour Party, he has little room to talk.

But as a political commentator, whose views on the left are taken seriously outside our movement, he is not entitled to describe *Tribune* as "the newspaper of the Tribune group", because that is an error of fact.

Tribune, founded in 1937, existed for over 25 years before a group of MPs, inspired by its ideas, founded the Tribune group. The paper has always been "Labour's independent weekly". I value the fact that the Tribune group invites me, as it has all previous editors, to its meetings. But the group does not decide what goes in to *Tribune*, nor yet appoint its editor or staff.

Phil Kelly
Editor Tribune
London WC1

Western journalists and eastern ways

While I enjoyed Mark Thompson's comprehensive and well-researched piece, ("Hungary's 'new social initiatives' ", *NS*, 27 May), I feel compelled to respond to the implication that western journalists "don't really understand the life of this country", as Miklos Vasarhelyi put it.

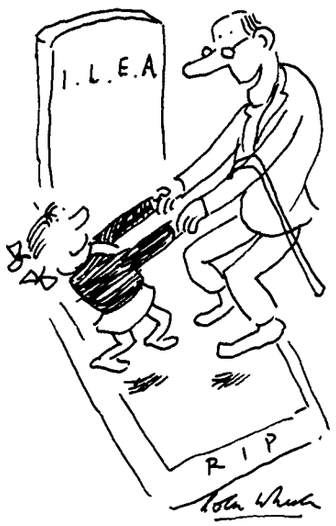
Just above this point Thompson writes that the Hungarian press failed to notice that a judge had refrained from calling the youth organisation FIDESZ illegal. He adds, "thanks to western radio, however, the result was known immediately". This was thanks to the BBC's long-suffering reporter living in Budapest, Nick Thorpe, who has a very good grasp of Hungarian society indeed.

The small band of English-speaking journalists based in Vienna (we do not live in Budapest or Prague because information about other socialist countries is scarce in those capitals) which busts its collective gut to cover eight countries, gets very bored of being told that it does not understand the societies it reports.

That I do not spend my whole time covering the opposition (or however it wishes to designate itself) is because I believe it is of equal importance to speak to the head of the AIDS campaign in Budapest, agriculture officials in Novi Sad or textile workers in central Slovakia.

I consider the work and the courage of the opposition both enspiriting and exemplary. But when we are trying to understand the nature of power in eastern Europe we are foolish to ignore the role of the Party. Let us not forget that when Alexander Dubcek was elected First Secretary of the Czechoslavak CP 20 years ago, he was dismissed as a small-minded Stalinist.

Misha Glenny The Guardian
Austria



Living without ILEA

Having been educated at Marylebone Grammar School in the 1920s, I was grieved and angered when it was closed by the ILEA. I consequently rejoice with Mr Baker at the demise of the ILEA ("Living without ILEA", *New Society*, 1 April).

I rejoice all the more as I am having to bail out a granddaughter from having to go to an ILEA comprehensive where many of the boys are delinquent and many of the girls are on the pill or pregnant.

No doubt there are good comprehensives in favoured areas—and it is, of course, to these that left-wing politicians and intellectuals send their own offspring when they do not send them to Eton. But my son-in-law could not afford a house in a good area nor can he afford private school fees, but he must pay rates and taxes to send his children to schools which any responsible parent would want to keep them out of.

I am not a dyed-in-the-wool Tory. I dislike many aspects of Thatcherism, would forego tax cuts in favour of the NHS and so on. But as long as the opposition parties take the line of *New Society* and the *Guardian* on such sensitive issues as education and law-and-order, Mrs Thatcher seems set to stay in office for many years.

H.G.Harris
Barley Cost
Somerset

How not to dodge the defence question

Ben Pimlott wants to give the Labour Party a way out from what he judges, rightly or wrongly, to be a "colossal electoral liability" (*NS*, 3 June).

To some extent he succeeds. Of course, independent or unilateral initiatives should be set in the context of invitations to others to respond constructively. Charles Osgood's 1962 GRIT formula makes as much sense now as it did then.

If Labour were seriously concerned with this kind of peaceful reciprocal internationalism, then its spokespeople would be up front now with positive suggestions as the 3rd United Nations Special Session on Disarmament gets underway. But a party that seems unable even to mention the cost of Trident in the context of a NHS starved of resources, does not look as if it is poised for a wider vision of tomorrow.

However, at the end of the road Pimlott's life-raft, though a brave effort, will not float on its own. The problem is not actually a policy which looks like offering something for nothing. It is rather that we have a public opinion formed by a nationalist and conservative media which still thinks in pre-nuclear terms.

The voters are told by Mrs Thatcher, David Owen and now even Peter Shore, that Britain must have and will have a nuclear "weapon" as long as the Soviets have any. That is the real bottom line of opposition which has to be faced.

That nationalism can be challenged positively with a vision of a peacemaking foreign policy and a genuine security system not based on unconvincing threats of national suicide. As the cold war thaws out a new post-bloc Europe is on the agenda and so are ideas about real and common security. Trident is already out of step with history. We need now just such a new vision. It needs to be formulated and campaigned on. We either move to a world of general nuclear proliferation or to one in which we start to redirect resources from the military to the real needs of people. There are votes in that too.

Bruce Kent, CND chair
London N1

Getting it right about Burnage

How refreshing and heartening it was to read "Left, Right and Burnage" (*NS*, 27 May). For some years now the right have badly needed putting in their place over their attack on "anti–racism". But the attempts on the left that have been made so far seem to have nearly always involved sharing debating space with the likes of Honeyford, Scruton et al—bringing credibility to them as "serious thinkers" under the guise of criticism, rather than taking them on as political adversaries.

For too long what has passed for struggle against racism has, because of the shallowness and superficiality of its approach, played into the hands of the right, and succeeded only in cheapening its avowed aims. This excellent analysis of how this happened, and its timely re-statement of what a socialist morality is (and is not), will help those trying to reorientate themselves to a campaigning approach to politics, one which includes the fight against racism.

Robert Morris
London E7

Redirecting Shakespeare

In the article "Anti anti-gay backlash" (*NS*, 27 May), Shakespeare's sonnets are claimed to be "inexplicably ambiguous about the sex of the person to whom they are addressed". Surely it has been generally accepted by now that the first 17 were addressed to a young man (and commissioned by his mother) and the rest to a woman.

Harry Edwards
Penryn
Cornwall

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POLITICAL COLUMN

All ye faithful

The Tories' moral crusade shows that they're well aware that individualism is not enough.

Stephen Howe

Macaulay was wrong: there is something more ridiculous than the British public in one of its periodic fits of morality. It is the spectacle of political leaders attempting, amidst overwhelming popular indifference, to mount a moral crusade. We are now living through an episode of this kind. Ever since Mrs Thatcher's address to the Church of Scotland, the weightier newspapers have been filled with the thoughts on Christianity and public morality of cabinet ministers, bishops, academics and editorialists.

I have seen no sign whatever that all this moralising has struck any wider resonance in the public mind. The debate has been almost entirely confined to the quality press. The papers most people read have virtually ignored it. Yet however absurd the politicians' ventures into theology may sometimes appear, and however little a wider public may seem to care about them, they are nonetheless important.

Arnold's "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar", the tide of faith going out, still echoes in our ears, and we can never be quite sure that what we hear is not the turning of that tide. Many commentators on Thatcher's sermon, and on the subsequent interventions of sundry Lords Spiritual, have argued as if she were seeking simply to clothe possessive individualism in a borrowed surplice. Her critics have written as if she were purveying a more grandiose version of Ivan Boesky's recipe for greed without shame. No doubt that is part of her intention, but it is not the part which really matters.

Recent Conservative thinking does not represent a simple reaffirmation of individualism, nor of course its repudiation, but rather recognises that individualism is not enough. Perhaps when Mrs Thatcher's statue is erected at Westminster she could, emulating Edith Cavell on patriotism, have that as her epigraph. There has always been a tension in Thatcherite thought between market liberalism and a vision of the nation as an organic whole. She is genuinely a "One Nation" Tory, though in an authoritarian form — her solution to the problem of the two nations is to abolish one of them.

It seems that the time is judged right to renew the emphasis on this second, national unity, strand in Toryism. Douglas Hurd has been flying the flag of social cohesion and mutual aid. Michael Ivens, director of Aims of Industry, has just published an engaging little pamphlet (*Natural Partners*, available from the Centre for Policy Studies at £2.75), giving the Conservative case for cooperation, complete with extensive quotations from the anarchist thinker Prince Kropotkin. The Prime Minister, meanwhile, emphasises the centrality of Christian teaching to her vision of national homogenisation. In doing so, she resuscitates one of the master themes of Conservative politics. The Tories were the party of the Church long before they were the party of the Empire, the Atlantic Alliance or the free market. They may yet remain so when other causes are gone.

An important new analysis of Britain's electoral geography (*A Nation Dividing?*, by R J Johnston, C J Pattie and J C Allsopp, Longman, 1988), repeats the conventional wisdom that religious cleavages have not been significant in modern British politics. This is true in the sense that Britain never had a straightforward conflict between clerical and anti-clerical parties. Nor has there recently been a strong association between denomination and voting. Yet Professor Johnston and his colleagues are quite wrong to suggest that religion is unimportant and that, by the time of the industrial revolution, spiritual and temporal power had been divorced. They forget that the monarch is Supreme Governor of the Church of England, that the Prime Minister appoints Anglican bishops, and that 26 bishops vote in parliament.

Mrs Thatcher's solution to the problem of the two nations is to abolish one of them

The time when British electoral conflict — Northern Ireland aside — was centrally concerned with religion is still just within living memory. The last general election in which the status of the Anglican Church was a major issue was as recent as 1906. Throughout the 17th, 18th and much of the 19th centuries, doctrinal dispute defined the terms of most political alignments. An established church was as important to the social order as were crown and parliament: hard-headed political operators recognised this clearly, as did conservative ideologues from Coleridge to Eliot.

Significantly, of the many historians now reviving interest in the politics of religious argument, almost all are Conservative — although contrary to popular belief they are not all from Peterhouse. These writers are notably alert to the political implications of their work, and their contemporary message has been hammered home repeatedly in the *Salisbury Review*. It is that Britain's *ancien regime* rested at least as much on the Church as on any secular authority; that this reliance was at the heart of Conservatism; that the old contract, though less publicised lately, has remained in force; and that it now needs reaffirmation and renewal. Mrs Thatcher, judging from her recent speeches, agrees with them.

In *Black and White*, Shiva Naipaul recalled with horror the first time he saw his native Trinidadians proclaiming their future Prime Minister as a Messiah. It was, he said, his introduction to the idea that the language of religion could become that of politics; a first symptom of intellectual regression. "Becoming part of the third world is, to some degree, a psychological process; a quasi-religious conversion. It is, at bottom, a mode of being, a state of mind." Britain is not, by that criterion, yet a strong candidate for third world status, but the present trend to discuss public affairs in the language of faith is a disturbing one.

Religious leaders intervening in politics have sometimes been liberators; though the consequences of their crusades have at least as often been horrendous. Politicians making religious noises, though, always betoken some kind of trouble. It really doesn't matter all that much whether Anglican bishops, or rabbis, or imams, talk about social issues — only tiny numbers of people have their political behaviour influenced by them. What is far more important is that politicians stay out of religion.

If we are to achieve a common social morality, it cannot be on the basis of religious faith. Any attempt to stitch together a specifically Christian (or indeed Judaeo-Christian) moral consensus could only proceed by deliberately excluding large sections of the population. It would divide the nation on racial as well as on confessional lines, as some Tory Anglican moralists have bluntly proclaimed. That is why the current moral debate is bad news — not just in some of the things that have been said, but in the fact that it is happening at all.

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STAND

A muggins twice over

Sheila Rowbotham

You can hardly move this year without bumping into the imposing mirrors of the media telling you what happened in the 1960s. Surrounded by such authoritative reflections, I have begun to wonder if I really was around in those days after all. Perhaps I just imagine I was.

A consensus memory has materialised, both on the left and the right, which depicts all women in the 1960s as sexually miserable and at the mercy of a male-dominated plot called the permissive society, invented to keep women in their place. The permissive society forced women to wear degrading mini-skirts and accept ideas of sexual freedom, quite inimicable to what women "really" want from sex, (mysteriously assumed to be both essentially different from men and uniform to all women).

This is the neatly packaged concept which fits the format of a Channel 4 chat show. It has a radical and indeed feminist veneer because it purports to stick up for women. It is difficult to challenge because it contains elements of truth. But in all honesty it does not describe how I remember a decade in my life. It is a selective oversimplification which obliterates our efforts to find new ideas about how to be women.

To challenge contemporary myths today—especially about sex—is to be a muggins. If the moralisers don't get you, the ideologues will. Anyway, it upsets people like nobody's business. People imagine someone is having a good time without them or that someone is preventing them from having a good time. They can feel bad about having a good time or that their bad times are not being properly taken into account. Moreover, to try and write about sex two decades ago is to be a muggins twice over. Sensuous experience is notoriously elusive and resistant to the researchers of time gone by.

But muggins I shall be—for no way can the ten years of my life between the ages of 17 and 27 be reduced to this cardboard construct of an inanimate victim which the eighties is imposing on the sixties.

Yes, I came to see the terms of sexual liberation as male-defined. Yes, I spent some of the decade sexually miserable. But over ten years ideas, responses, feelings are constantly changing and so this was not all there was to it. How can ten years be presented as so cut and dried as this or that? How can it be assumed that only one thing happens and inclines in a single direction for ten years?

The pejorative term "permissive society" was a media phrase: the reality was a complicated cultural rebellion not only among young intellectuals but among the young working class in which people were assuming a new frankness and freedom in sexual relations. Much of this was a release from guilt and ignorance. Some of it was confusing. How were young women to be both alluring and independent? In trying to realise the possibilities which seemed to be raised by all the talk of freedom, young women came up against a new set of boundaries. Because we had seen that the old walls could crumble, we thought we could take these new obstacles in our stride.

Many of us were to stumble into the women's liberation movement in the late sixties and early seventies. But this move becomes incomprehensible in a version of the sixties which presents us as passive prey rather than rebellious and energetic defiers of the limits of a male-defined permission. Victims submit. People who fight for a better condition, even if it proves illusory, develop the confidence to go on and challenge their subordination.

How were women to be alluring and independent?

Throughout the sixties friends and I struggled together with all the contradictory versions of sex, morality and what being a woman was meant to be. We had no way of connecting personal culture to politics. It was all very swotty and earnest because it seemed such an effort to find some alternative to conventions we saw as hypocritical and restrictive. It was also exceedingly optimistic about applying reason and equality to one's love life. What was good for the gander was good for the goose seemed to be a self-evident truth. I decided jealousy was demeaning and fidelity unnecessary. I certainly did not want protection. The first part of the sixties were spent outwitting a veritable conspiracy of fathers, teachers, ex-safe-breakers, Methodist ministers, and university dons, who persisted in trying to prevent me from losing my virginity.

When, with other women, I came in the late sixties to try and understand our personal sexual predicament as social, it was not so much an overwhelming sense of powerlessness as a series of incongruities which led me to feminism. One was the way passion undermined the carefully-constructed sense of autonomous self. Another was the enclosed sexuality of being a "chick" and the apparent asexuality of being a thinking, active person. It seemed that women's liberation was the means of creating a new balance and union which would make the denial of desire unnecessary and make a new wholeness possible.

In retrospect, I am not critical of the optimistic faith that we could have our cake and eat it. High hopes are the start of change. The problem was that an evasion remained concealed. I used reason to keep the fears which lurked around sexual passion at bay. I had no idea how to face them. I underestimated the psychological panic which sexual energy was capable of arousing.

From the perspective of the eighties it is possible to see that my generation of educated young women dismissed the protective defences of older women because from our vantage point we simply could not imagine economic and sexual dependence, vulnerability and rejection. Education seemed to be the means to material and social freedom.

"My God," said a friend's landlady in the early sixties, "we demanded a mink for what you are all offering free."

We laughed. But I remember thanking my lucky stars I didn't have to barter.

When I limp shivering through the pearly gates, a battered old bag lady, because Thatcher and co will have abolished state pensions to encourage enterprise among the elderly, the landlady will probably meet me with a cup of tea.

"You should have gone for the mink while you had the chance," she will no doubt say.

The old bag lady can hardly be heard at such a distance. But she seems to mumble something that sounds like, "Demand the impossible." Goodness knows whether she will be thinking of the mink or sexual liberation.

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Peter Hildrew

No news is bad news

Poverty, according to the Fleet Street agenda, is not "newsworthy". Why not?

April 11 already seems a long way behind us. For a few heady days social security topped the national agenda. Journalists and television researchers scampered about in search of "losers". The Speaker granted us an emergency debate. In a flurry of ministerial embarassment the apparently concrete framework of the new benefits system suddenly became flexible: almost overnight, concessions—albeit some of them temporary—were concocted and granted.

There are interesting lessons to be drawn from this episode. For a start, the concessions can scarcely be attributed to the poverty lobby, whose leaders had been pointing out exactly what would happen not just for months but for years, with the government taking little apparent notice. Practically none of the suddenly-discovered hardships and "anomalies" were new to anybody who had followed the evolution of the social security changes.

Nor can the sudden interest in people's welfare be hailed as a victory for the campaigning media. Despite attempts to create advance interest, bewildered journalists abruptly consigned to the story were ringing up the press officers at the National Association of Citizens Advice Bureaux right up to changeover day asking questions such as: "What are these changes, exactly?" It seemed as though some news editors had just discovered, rather to their surprise, that poverty was the issue of the day and had despatched the nearest reporter to find out why.

Of course, the switchover to a new social security system—affecting upwards of 12 million people—was always going to be a truly significant event on a national scale. That it came adrift, from the government's point of view, seems to have been the result primarily of the democratic process working properly. People complained in all the many ways open to them, from flooding advice agencies to telephoning their MPs. The Opposition attacked with precision in the Commons, but the crucial ingredient was probably the accompanying disquiet among Conservative backbenchers. Enough of them sympathised with the complaints they were receiving to force the government's hand.

Andrew Moore/Reflex

Bed and breakfast poverty: news value nil

The behaviour of the media during this period merits scrutiny primarily because it was typical of the way news coverage now operates. Most editors, it has to be said, regard social security as an unutterably boring subject. Poverty may be a running phenomenom of our times, but it is not a news story and it can be pretty flat. Few in the media see it as their job to try to alter the condition of the poor: they will only pay attention when something quite unusual happens. Their craft lies rather in knowing how to exploit a story once it starts running, when to pick it up and when to let it drop.

The 11 April changes did not become a real issue until the government got into parliamentary difficulty. The media then saw some mileage in the affair and fanned it, crowding the leader columns and chat shows, scavenging around for new angles, running the hard-luck stories. After a fleeting, noisy and essentially reactive excursion, the subject was abruptly dropped as soon as the government yielded ground.

That is how most events are handled, and poverty is no exception. It just so happened that there were few bigger issues around to command headline precedence at the time of the social security changes. Had there been, the media circus would instantly have charged off elsewhere. There is a powerful and depressing herd instinct at work in the news organisations: they all like to head in the same direction at once as if for safety. Any member of the public unlucky enough to be caught unawares by the stampede coming at them risks being utterly trampled. (Mike Bishop, the director of social services for Cleveland, was a recent victim.)

This pattern of contemporary behaviour may owe something to the all day nature of contemporary news broadcasting. Newspaper news editors go through their entire waking time listening to bulletins—from the Today programme through breakfast, lunchtime and teatime television to News at Ten and Newsnight. Broadcasting newsrooms mirror the process, poring over the morning papers, the afternoon papers, and the early editions of the next day's papers. It is all very circular and the agenda is entirely short-term, with everyone watching each other.

A miniature version of this protective instinct can be observed at the end of most press conferences, when the assembled journalists go into a huddle to decide collectively what the main news "line" should be. Woe betide the reporter whose story bears a different intro from the one appearing on the syndicated news wire of the Press Association: he or she stands in acute danger of the piece being re-written or re-ordered by subeditors to conform to the PA version of what matters. (Yes, this can happen even at the *Guardian*.)

Accuracy standards are sliding, and it is not just the tabloids playing fast and loose. There are journalists whose respect for the facts is known by their colleagues to be somewhat cavalier yet who are allowed to press on making headline stories even in the heavier papers. In assessing how far what you read is true it is more important to know who wrote it than which paper it appears in.

History may partly attribute this rather aimless condition to the success of Mrs Thatcher's governments in dictating the political agenda in recent years—a success which the media is closer to reflecting than questioning. Debate about policies to eliminate poverty (not the same as "targeting help") has almost dried up. Curiously, it is almost safer to talk about tackling poverty abroad, because that is less threatening and closer to being part of the consensus.

As part of this process, pressure groups such as Shelter or the Child

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Poverty Action Group are being taken less and less seriously in the media: their message is condemned as too "predictable". They are sometimes said to "only represent themselves", as if the evidence on the ground would not bear out what they are arguing should the journalists go to look for it.

If the media seem perpetually reactive and unlikely to act as prime agents for change, then the change may have to come from elsewhere—from the political process itself and to some extent from civil servants. Stories leaked in Whitehall are among the most important to appear in the press. Journalists do not find them under stones: they are given them deliberately—normally in the hope of influencing an argument that is already underway.

At the DHSS, the Fowler review of social security produced many leaks. A briefing prepared by civil servants before last year's general election and presented to John Moore when he took up office made interesting reading. It suggested that social security issues requiring review included the following: the adequacy of benefit provision for the unemployed; the justice of continuing to uprate benefits according to prices alone whilst earnings in the economy rise; the need for more flexibility over the retirement age; the future structure of disability benefits; and the balance between universal child benefit and family credit. It would be interesting to know whether child benefit alone is being worked on, or whether the other issues too are being addressed.

The Social Fund was not on that list. It figured in a separate paper which persuaded John Moore and the Social Security minister, Nicholas Scott, to try to get the loans element withdrawn last summer, but they were defeated at Cabinet Committee.

Probably the most intriguing question arising out of this incident—and out of the recent disquiet on the Tory backbenches over benefits and the poll tax—concerns the future direction of the Conservative Party and the balance of outlook among the 1987 intake of MPs. It is easy to be cynical about the Prime Minister's redoubled interest in charity, but the political reasons for it may be significant. A reassertion of social conscience is surely welcome, whether derived from perceived economic success or otherwise; without it the poor stand no chance.

Peter Hildrew is the former Social Services correspondent for the Guardian.

He is now assistant director of the National Association of Citizens Advice Bureaux.

Something funny's going on

One government department says the poor are getting richer; another suggests that they're getting poorer. Who's right?

Vicky Hutchings

Acccording to the DHSS, the real disposable incomes of the bottom tenth of the population rose by 8.3 per cent between 1981 and 1985. But it refuses to say how it came to this conclusion. The figures, contained in Households below Average Income, were published simultaneously with the long-running Low Income Family Statistics (LIFS) on 19 May, and will in future replace them. Since 1979 the LIFS have only appeared every other year—and always late.

The new set of figures has several drawbacks, its critics claim. First, there is no longer any direct comparison with 1979 and 1980 when levels of unemployment rose most steeply. Second, they do not, as did the LIFS figures, assess the numbers living in poverty as defined by supplementary benefit levels (which show an increase of 9.38 million people on the poverty line and a further 6.04 million on the margins between 1979 and 1985). Instead they cumulatively divide households into the bottom ten, 20, 30, 40, and 50 per cent of income distribution and show the increases in real terms of each group between 1981 and 1985. A close reading of these figures reveals that most low-income families (as opposed to the bottom 10 per cent the government has chosen to highlight) are failing to keep up with those with average or higher standards of living: the bottom 50 per cent of the population, for example, saw its average real disposable income rise by only 5.6 per cent, while average incomes over the same period rose by 6.4 per cent. Cumulatively grouping the figures (so that one can't see what is happening to individual income *bands*) disguises the fact that, within the bottom 50 per cent, certain bands of the lower paid must have received increases of much less than 5.6 per cent.

Professor Peter Townsend, who last year completed a study for the Low Pay Unit based on the Family Expenditure Survey (produced by the Department of Employment), calculates that the real income of the bottom ten per cent fell by 5.5 per cent between 1983 and 1985 and estimates a similar drop between 1981 and 1985. Only a week before the DHSS statistics were published, a parliamentary question produced the following from the DE: from 1983 to 1986, the poorest ten per cent of single pensioners saw their disposable income increase by two per cent less than inflation; for the same period, the poorest ten per cent of married couples with two children saw their disposable income rise by four per cent less than inflation. Comparable figures for 1981 are not available, which makes nonsense of the DHSS's latest statistics, since the source of all the data is the same.

Various explanations for the apparent discrepancy between the two departments have been advanced by Townsend and the Low Pay Unit, including the methodology used by the DHSS. It uses "equivalence scales" which reduce income dispersion between the top and bottom. These work by taking a couple without children as the standard of comparison and adjusting other family groupings to that standard. A single person with a seven-year-old child, for example, earning £10,000 p.a. would now be regarded as earning £13,158 – on the grounds that a couple would need this to maintain the same standard of living.

This new report highlights the dangers of moving away from an easy-to-understand measure of poverty — the growth of numbers living on or around SB levels — and replacing it with comparisons over time between groups of people in different economic bands, the composition of which changed considerably between 1979 and 1985. Because of the increase in retired people on occupational pensions, there are far fewer pensioners in the bottom 20 per cent of households than there used to be; and far more poor families with children. Townsend says: "There's something funny going on, and I'm going to get to the bottom of it."

Health as a fringe benefit

People in the south will be living five years longer than those in the north by the end of the century, according to surveys carried out by BUPA and unveiled at a symposium last week. The information comes from health profiles of companies subscribing to BUPA; and the answer to the growing disparity is, according to BUPA, an increased emphasis on health in the workplace.

How do people feel about this proposed corporatisation of health? Surprisingly happy, according to an opinion poll carried out by NOP for the Henley Centre. Of 18,124 people polled, 32 per cent said they would like to receive health advice from their employer, and 71 per cent thought it would be all right for the employer to screen employees for drugs and drink problems. This is lucky, since the process is already under way. Dr Alan Bailey, medical director of BUPA Medical Health Services, has been working for the last five years on designing methods to provide companies with health information "for the appropriate departments", based on examinations of their employees' health.

For the last two years BUPA has been providing companies which subscribe to its schemes with health information about its employees. Whether this information, albeit statistical, could lead to the destruction of patient confidentiality is as yet unclear, but BUPA will do no profiles for companies with fewer than 25 people of the same sex. According to Bailey, "We are very careful to maintain confidentiality".

The future, he says, must see a much more hard-headed approach for dealing with the uneconomic effects of ill-health in the workforce.

The symposium was not entirely oblivious to the fact that part-timers or those not in work might lose out in such an arrangement. As Leon Kreitzman, director of health studies at Henley Centre points out, social progress might not "piggy-back" automatically on economic progress, and "the gap between the haves and the have nots may widen". How firms react to this will "be one of the challenges of the next ten years".

Vicky Hutchings

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Call for tough Aids action

A prominent Tory backbencher is this week to urge the government to carry out Aids testing on Britain's prison population.

Sir Nicholas Bonsor is to see Home Office Minister Douglas Hogg about what precautions should be taken in prisons.

But the meeting is only part of what is expected to be a concerted campaign by Tory backbenchers to persuade the Government to adopt a higher profile in trying to check the spread of Aids in a number of areas. Bonsor and other Conservatives are highly dissatisfied with the report last month of Dr Joe Smith, director of the Public Health Laboratory Service, and the government's acceptance of most of its recommendations. As soon as he has had his meeting with Hogg Bonsor plans to call together again nearly 30 MPs who last month attended a symposium on the problem with international experts.

According to Bonsor: "All prisoners should be screened automatically and if it is discovered some have it, then they should be segregated. It is the people who have not got it who have a right to know if others have. They are at risk if they are sharing a needle or having forced sexual relations."

Though the informal group will decide, the M.P.s are likely to follow Bonsor's lead in asking for a number of additional measures to:

- Make it a criminal offence to infect someone with Aids, knowingly or negligently. He has already discussed the possibility with another Home Office Minister, John Patten.
- Give doctors the clear right to take blood tests for HIV when they think appropriate. He believes they should be able to carry out tests on everyone who goes to a hospital. He does not favour anonymous.
- Conduct tests on servicemen.
- Introduce checks on immigrants arriving to stay at least 12 months.

If the government does not act, Bonsor will try to introduce a private member's bill in the next session of parliament. *John Lewis*

Fraud fiddlers

Last week's announcement by employment secretary Norman Fowler of the latest annual figures for the clampdown on benefit fraud reveals a new twist in the government's drive against unemployment.

In the past year, the Department of Employment investigated 395,000 claimants and caused 80,000 subsequently to withdraw their claims for benefit. This is an increase on 1986/7 when 351,000 investigations led to 59,500 withdrawn claims.

But officials have been unable to substantiate their claim that one in five of those investigated left the register during the year because they were discovered. During any 12 month period, more than 85 per cent of all unemployed leave the register having found work.

The number of prosecutions for benefit abuse is very low. Although 80,000 claimants were encouraged or persuaded to drop their claims, only 3,960 (less than one per cent of all investigations) were in fact prosecuted.

The Department of Employment argues that its policy is to "deter" and that prosecutions are very expensive, although the DHSS thinks it worth prosecuting for sums over £250. The DE admits that it is "difficult to come up with hard evidence to prosecute".

Announcements of increased fraud detection are consistent with the government's declared strategy to deal with unemployment. In February the white paper "Training for Employment" identified measures against fraud and against claimants who are "not genuinely available for work" as one of the three main planks to its unemployment plan.

It announced increases in staffing among "claimand advisers" (up by 13 per cent) and fraud investigators (up by 15 per cent). The DE has now extended a tough 17 question availability test used with all unemployed claimants. While it goes further than any previous investigation of the obligation to be available for work, it doesn't detect fraud. It's more an enquiry into claimants' attitude towards seeking work, encouraging them into lower paid or part-time work. *Paul Convery*

Regional trends

The existence of an all-encompassing north–south divide, confined not just to material prosperity, is given offical statistical confirmation in the government's annual state of the nation report, *Regional Trends*, published yesterday.

Between 1981 and 1986, for example, the population of the United Kingdom increased by 411,000. But within this total, there was a fall in the population of Scotland, the North, Yorkshire and Humberside and the North West. This was offset by rises in the East Midlands, South East and South West, along with Wales and Northern Ireland.

But regional statistics disguise a second major division, that between the cities and the rest of the country. The fall in the population of the North West region, for example, is the net result of a fall in Greater Manchester and on Merseyside, partially offset by a rise in the rest of the region.

A patttern of north–south contrast, overlaid by sizeable variations within particular regions, is confirmed across the spectrum of subjects covered by *Regional Trends*.

Owner occupation of housing is one example. The South East region is above the national average, with 65 per cent owner occupation. This disguises the contrast between London (56 per cent) and the rest of the South East (71 per cent).

Illegitimacy is another example. It is most common in northern counties, but within the North, Cleveland has 30 per cent illegitimacy but Northumberland only 15 per cent.

A clear north–south divide also appears in statistics on employment, self-employment, mortality, births outside marriage, crime, car ownership, and smoking. Each time the northern counties are on the disadvantaged side of the divide.

Earnings for men provide an exception to the simple north–south division. Average weekly earnings are higher in the North West than in East Anglia. *James Stephenson*

Regional Trends 23, 1988, HMSO.

WELFARE WATCH

Louise has spent the last three years in hospital. Though still confined to a wheelchair, she is now well enough to move into a home of her own. All she needs is £1,200 to furnish and equip it. But her application to the social fund for a "community care grant" has been turned down.

The reason for the refusal is that Louise is entitled to a resettlement grant from the DHSS. But she cannot claim the grant until she leaves hospital, and she can't leave hospital till she has the money to equip her new home. If you are young and able-bodied you can sleep on bare boards and do without cooked meals for a few weeks, but no hospital would discharge a severely disabled patient to live in those conditions. So the NHS must go on spending £600 a week on hospital care which Louise no longer needs, for want of £1,200 to enable her to live independently.

The social fund has £60 million to spend on community care grants this year, as well as £140 million for loans. (From next year, new loans will be financed mainly from repayments of old ones.) While the DHSS press office denies that any figures are available, local offices around the country admit that they have spent only a tiny proportion of their community care grant budgets since payments started on 11 April.

Most offices seem to be underspent on loans too. Where loans are being made, they are largely of two kinds. First, "crisis loans" are being offered to claimants in urgent need because of the new rule that income support is paid two weeks in arrears. Second, people who ought to be getting community care grants are being offered loans instead.

Like Frances B, aged 23 and with a history of mental illness. She is being rehoused to get her away from her mentally unstable father. She, too needs furniture, but community care grants are only for people on income support. Frances gets invalidity benefit of £49.80 a week, just above the income support rate of £46.45, so she does not qualify. Instead, she has been offered a crisis loan of £500 repayable at £7 a week. For the next 16 months, therefore, her net income will be nearly £4 a week below income support level.

Community care grants are the one positive feature of the social fund. The potential demand is many times greater than the £60 million allocated for this year. If that money is not spent, however, the budget for future years will be cut. Cases like Louise and Frances suggest that the underspending is due mainly to rigid adherence by social fund officers to absurdly restrictive guidelines on the circumstances in which grants can be made. Both the guidelines and their administration need urgent attention. This column will do wht it can to ensure that they get it. *Tony Lynes*

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DATABASE

Women in medicine

Nearly half all newly qualified doctors are now women. This certainly represents progress from the early days, when women were thought to be too modest and delicate for a career in medicine or when, later on, it was argued that the inevitability of marriage and motherhood meant it was a waste of resources to train them.

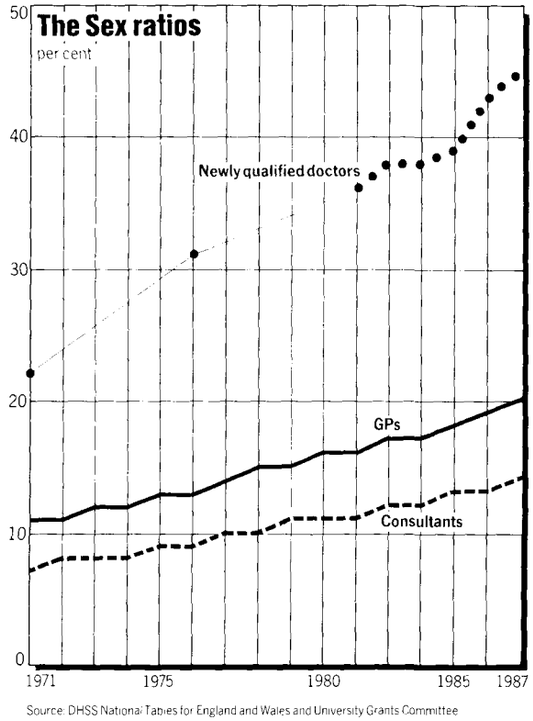
Yet DHSS figures show that women are very unevenly represented in the profession. In surgery, they are conspicuous by their absence at all levels, but are over-represented in traditionally less prestigious specialities such as community medicine (where, in 1986, they accounted for 57 per cent of all staff).

According to Isobel Allen, author of a major report and survey published this week (*Doctors and their Careers*, Policy Studies Institute), "there is still no indication on present trends that women will attain anything like parity with men in the main career grades in the foreseeable future." The survey, carried out for the DHSS, interviewed 600 doctors — 200 each from those who qualified in 1966, 1976 and 1981.

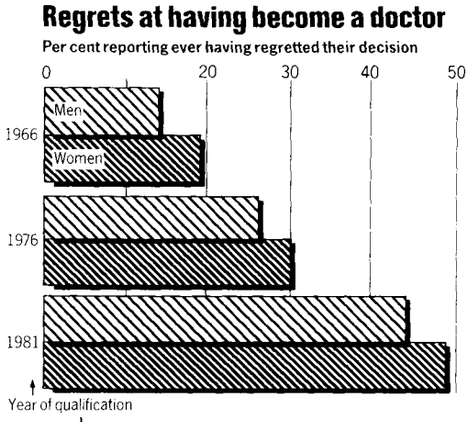
Besides their ingenuity in the NHS, the women did much less private practice than men: 9 per cent as against 23 per cent. Of the doctors who qualified in 1966, 47 per cent of men did some private work compared with 19 per cent of women.

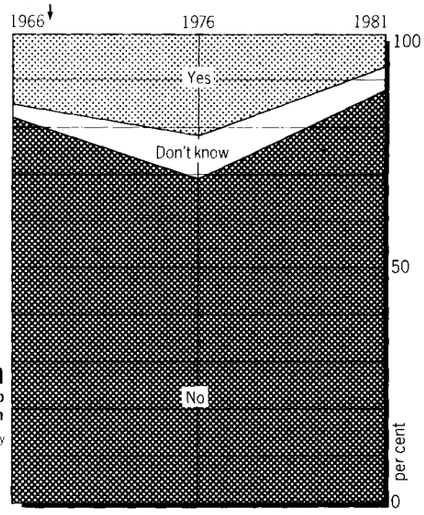
Although the women had felt more strongly about becoming doctors in the first place — two thirds of them having made the decision by the age of 15, compared with half of the men — they were also more likely to have regretted their decision later. They were also more than twice as likely as men to have gone into medicine "to help people". (Men were more influenced by having been good at science subjects at school.)

While women's careers were far more likely to have been constrained by marriage and children (and women were much more frequently asked "personal" questions in job interviews), the survey also underlined the importance of the old boy network in medicine. Men were more likely than women to have benefitted in their careers from "sponsorship" — the patronage of a senior member of the profession, who will informally put in a good word on one's behalf — and the patrons were themselves almost all men.



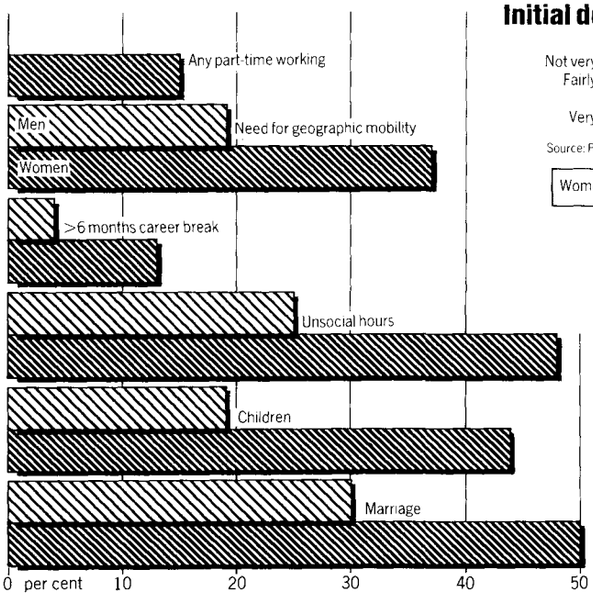
Source: DHSS National Tables for England and Wales and University Grants Committee



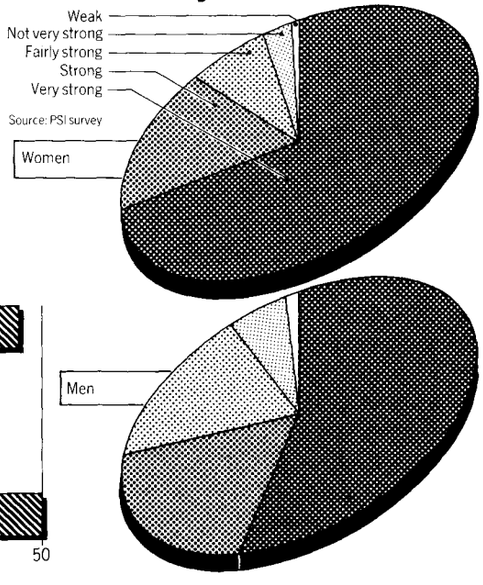


Discrimination
Whether women think they have ever failed to get a job through discrimination
Source: PSI survey

Career constraints
What has constrained doctors' careers?
Source: PSI survey



Initial desire to study medicine



Tony Garrett

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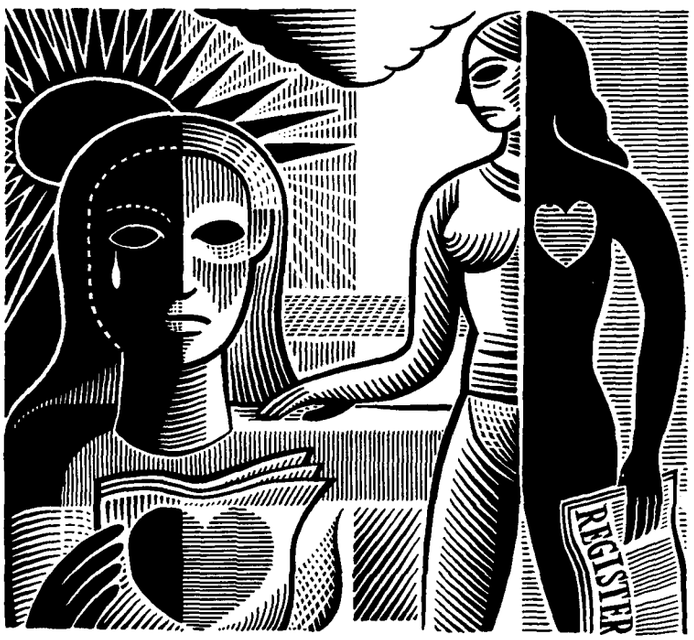
INITIATIVES

The Register of Love

Parents whose children are compulsorily adopted can store records of their affection for them, until they come of age

Paul Fisher



Cliff Harper

Shay Broad spent three weeks in Holloway Prison facing charges of conspiracy to child steal. The child she stole in November 1983 was her own eight year old son, the subject of a compulsory adoption order made six months earlier. Her unsuccessful legal battles to regain custody culminated in the High Court which decided it would be unfair to move her son as he'd been with his adoptive parents since infancy. However, the same court deemed Shay capable of looking after her daughter who is now aged 14.

Shay has all but given up hope of raising her son, but when he outgrows the courts' jurisdiction in eight years time she wants him to have a record of her love. She started the Register of Love for other natural parents like herself to file letters, greetings cards, videos and any other records of their affection for lost children. She has also, with the assistance of the Islington Bus Company, produced a video, priced £25. *Our Children Will Come Home* tells her story and that of the Williams family in Birmingham. Their three children went into care following marital problems. Two were returned after three months but, against their will, the youngest child was adopted. After an injunction forbidding them to go within five miles of Kidderminster, all they know of their child is the town he lives in.

"After six months in care children have a one in four chance of returning to natural parents"

Last year five parents brought their cases of compulsory adoption to the Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg. The court decided all had suffered a violation of their human rights but the European court has no power to undo British court orders—so, like Shay, they will have to wait until their children are 18 before seeing them again. Further attempts to make any contact would put them in contempt of court with the risk of two year prison sentences.

Shay's register contains messages to 41 children, all enforcedly separated from their families. According to Tony Bennet, secretary of Parents' Aid, there are many other families who are just as desperate to establish even this small contact with their children. Since 1979, he says, compulsory adoptions have risen from 400 to over 1,000 a year . . . a tenth of all adoptions.

Mr Bennet guesses the increase is for two reasons. First, and most unpleasantly, there are now more childless couples chasing a diminishing number of children. He points out that in pre–abortion days and when single parent families got insignificant state support, the 25,000 children volunteered for adoption meant there were a minuscule number of enforced adoptions.

Second is a change in philosophy stemming from a study in the mid–70s called *Children Who Wait* which revealed several thousand children had drifted into care. The authors argued that after six months in care children had a one in four chance of returning to natural parents and that this might be a good cut off point. Mr Bennet argues six months is not long enough because there are many situations where children need to be in care for longer. He suggests that a return to long term fostering and open adoption, where parents have a right to see their adopted children, could alleviate the problem.

Shay Broad speaks angrily of a child relocation industry . . . which redistributes children from poor families to the middle classes and uses compulsory adoption as a crude means of social control. Of her Register of Love she says: "If, at 18, children can see their natural parents did want them and didn't forget them, they will know they were loved. I grew up in care so I know it's important. The register will be a kind of therapy, a kind of healing."

Contacts: Register of Love 01–609 0226; Parents' Aid (02736) 597

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"I can never lie-in in the mornings. Partly it's my age; partly it's my thoughts. Suddenly, against my will I start remembering all the gaffs and fearful blunders I've made in the course of my career. Then like a cough to cover a fart, I leap out of bed, start singing some meaningless song and set about the business of the day. It all tends to give the illusion of high energy; but then sitting on the train to work, I often nod off.

When I first joined the Inner London Probation Service in 1954 one of my first cases went to the London Quarter Sessions for sentence. The senior at that time was a sergeant major of a man called John Dunphy. "Mr Parkinson your case is coming up in court number three", he boomed. Tightening my tie and surreptitiously checking my flies off I rushed, arriving just in time to hear the judge say, "I would like to hear the views of the probation officer in this case".

Unhesitatingly I went into the box, took the oath and commenced giving my carefully prepared evaluation.

I must say I thought I was doing rather well, but just as a vision of Henry V at Agincourt began to swell up in my mind, the vision of the defendant began to oddly impress itself in the corner of my eye. Clearly since I last say him he had undergone a dramatic change in appearance: luxurious hair growth had given way to near total baldness; even worse he had reduced height by nearly a foot.

"My Lord", I said, "I'm afraid the defendant in the dock is not my client". The awfulness was that while I was saying this it half occurred to me that I might have been wiser to have bluffed things out.

The judge gave me a cat-like grin, barristers curled their ever-ready-to-curl lips. Departing from the witness box I tried to look as though reporting on the wrong client was very much the "coming thing" in modern probation practice.

Then I came face to face with John Dunphy. I thought he was going to say, "You're sacked". In fact, he seemed not to have heard the gaff and just wanted to tell me that as my case was a "floater" it had now been transferred to court two.

Firmly I sat on the probation bench of the second court. Even when finally my client went into the dock and my name was called, I couldn't bring myself to move. Then a colleague gave me a nudge, "Get up, Parkey." And I still do — at 6am precisely."

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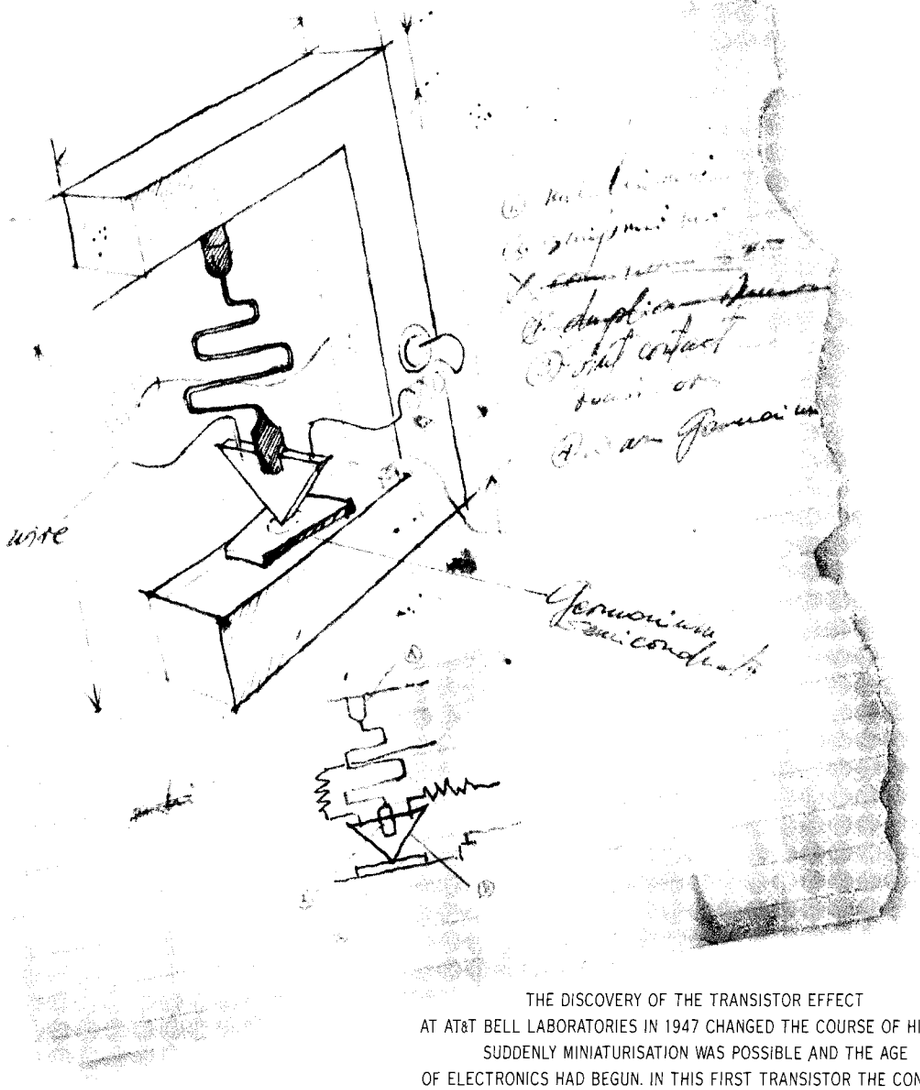

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRANSISTOR EFFECT AT AT&T BELL LABORATORIES IN 1947 CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY. SUDDENLY MINIATURISATION WAS POSSIBLE AND THE AGE OF ELECTRONICS HAD BEGUN. IN THIS FIRST TRANSISTOR THE CONTACTS WERE MADE OF GOLD AND THE SEMICONDUCTOR WAS GERMANIUM.

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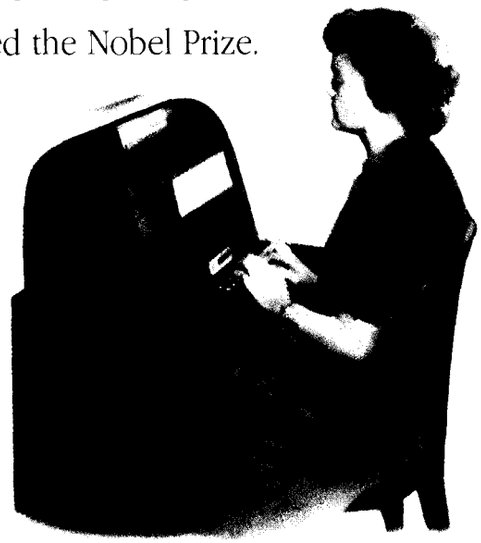
1947 saw a major breakthrough with three of our scientists inventing the transistor. At the same time of course, they had no idea that this was the beginning of the microelectronics revolution. Each was later awarded the Nobel Prize.



SCIENTISTS AT AT&T BELL LABORATORIES INVENTED THE FIRST ELECTRICAL DIGITAL COMPUTER IN 1939. ALMOST 50 YEARS LATER, THE 6386 MICROCOMPUTER IS ABLE TO SUPPORT AS MANY AS 32 USERS SIMULTANEOUSLY. A CONTEMPORARY COMPUTER INDUSTRY BREAKTHROUGH.

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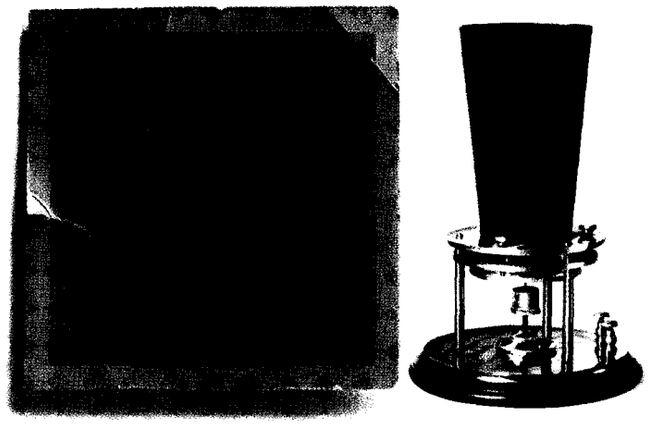

MARCH 10TH, 1876. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL UTTERS THE FIRST ARTICULATE SENTENCE EVER TRANSMITTED OVER HIS NEW INVENTION, THE LIQUID PHONE. "MR. WATSON, COME HERE, I WANT YOU." AND THUS THE FIRST AT&T PATENT IS EARNED.

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Looking at the evidence

As Rees-Mogg takes over at the Broadcasting Standards Commission **Pat McNeill** *charts the relationship between social research and social policy.*

A rather optimistic social scientist might see the creation of the Broadcasting Standards Commission as an opportunity to exercise influence over government policy in an area of great everyday significance. After all, if such a body were appointed to oversee, say, standards of public health in the inner city, it would be reasonable to expect it to take careful note of the research findings of experts in the field. In addition, it might ask the experts to do original research into areas about which little was currently known.

Of the new commission's duties, the one that has attracted most public attention is its responsibility to monitor the amount of sex and violence on television, to preview imported material, and to advise on whether it should be shown. The underlying assumption of this is not only that such material may be offensive to some viewers, but that its appearance on television in recent years has contributed to the rising levels of recorded criminal violence. If this causal link exists, then it is logical to expect that the reduction or elimination of such material will result in a reduction in the amount of criminal violence. This remains an hypothesis, however, until sound research confirms or refutes it. In a matter of such public importance, and one that encroaches so far into the areas of censorship and civil liberty, it might be hoped that decisions would be based on social scientific evidence rather than on popular assumptions.

The first reported statements of Sir William Rees-Mogg, chairman of the new commission, suggest that this rational scientific approach is not going to be followed. It appears that, for the commission, the causal link is taken for granted, and the key issue is whether the broadcasting companies will voluntarily cooperate with the commission's activities. But, as was shown in an earlier Society Today article ("The impact of television", *New Society*, 4 December 1987), the link between TV violence and actual violence is far from established, though neither has it been refuted. The social scientific case is best described as non-proven. Nevertheless, the commission will proceed.

The history of the relationship between social research and social policy is uneven. An example of positive influence is in the area of educational reform in the 1950s and 1960s. As Kogan (1971) makes clear, social scientists in general, and sociologists in particular, were key figures in the educational establishment that advised politicians of both major parties, in opposition as well as in government. These advisers included people like Jean Floud, A.H. Halsey, Michael Young, and David Donnison. Anthony Crosland, while Secretary of State for Education, used to hold informal gatherings of social scientists at his home. Those attending advised him on such policy matters as the introduction of comprehensive schools in the 1960s, and on the reform of higher education, with the introduction of the polytechnics.

At the root of many of these reforms lay the economists' argument that spending on education is investment as well as consumption, and the sociologists' challenge to pre–war educational psychology about the extent to which ability could be reliably predicted, and how far the predictive tests in use, mainly the eleven-plus examination, favoured children from particular social backgrounds. "It wasn't the Department (of Education) that cracked the eleven-plus doctrine", said Crosland, "but it was mainly such outsiders as Vaizey, Floud, Halsey, and the rest."

In contrast to this, governmental response to the Black Report of 1980 could hardly have been more muted. The Working Group on Inequalities in Health was established in 1977, under the chairmanship of Sir Douglas Black, later to become President of the Royal College of Physicians. One of the three other members of the Group was Peter Townsend and its researcher was Nicky Hart, both from the Sociology Department at Essex University. The Report's main finding would not have been welcome to any government at that time: "despite more than 30 years of an NHS expressly committed to offering equal care for all, there remains a marked class gradient in standards of health."

The Report was submitted to the Secretary of State in April 1980, and, in the normal way, would have been published by the DHSS or HMSO. In this case, however, it was arranged for 260 duplicated copies of the typescript to be made publicly available in the week of August Bank Holiday 1980. This apparent attempt at concealment backfired, since the medical press were so angered by it that, in the end, the Report received more attention than it might otherwise have done, and a modified version was finally published as a paperback book in 1982.

The Secretary of State was unmoved by the furore, and questioned the Report's findings while wholly rejecting its recommendations: "additional expenditure on the scale which could result from the Report's recommendations (the amount involved could be upwards of two billion pounds per year) is quite unrealistic in present or any future economic circumstances, quite apart from any judgment that may be formed of the effectiveness of such expenditure in dealing with the problems identified."

There are other areas where sociologists can claim to have had some influence, even if sometimes indirectly. The passing of Equal Opportunities legislation in the 1970s owed much to the evidence of discrimination against women and ethnic minorities that had been assembled by sociologists. In addition, sociological insights have led to changes in the training of doctors, and of the police, both in their initial training and in in-service courses, especially in the field of race relations.

Neither the theoretical nor the practical links between social research and social policy can ever be as clear-cut as can sometimes be the links between, say, biological research and the practice of medicine. Nevertheless, it could be argued that Rees-Mogg's apparent unwillingness publicly to refer to the importance of research findings to his commission's activities indicates that its creation has as much to do with catching the political moment as with the making of rational social policy.

M. Kogan "The Politics of Education" (Penguin: 1971) P. Townsend and N. Davidson "Inequalities in Health" (Pelican: 1982)

Violence on television: does it really influence young people?

Made in Britain: Tim Roth/BBC

Discussion topic

How might sociological research be helpful in the training of the police and/or doctors?

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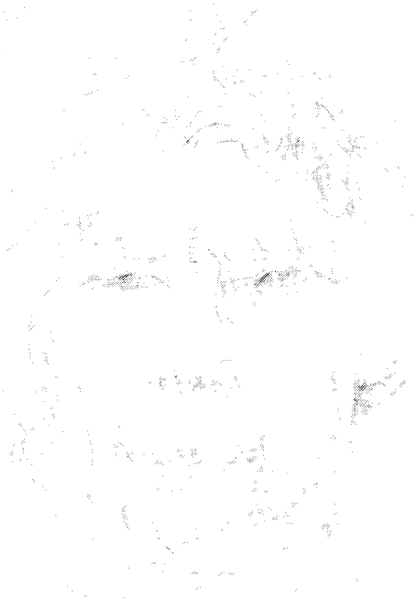
ESSAY BY JOHN BERGER

My mother's secrets



The pencil sketch above is a portrait by John Berger of his mother. This memoir is dedicated to Katya, her grand-daughter.

From the age of five or six I was worried about the death of my parents. The inevitability of death was one of the first things I learnt about the world on my own. Nobody else spoke of it yet the signs were so clear.

Every time I went to bed — and in this I am sure I was like millions of other children — the fear that one or both my parents might die in the night touched the nape of my neck with its finger. Such a fear has, I believe, little to do with a particular psychological climate and a great deal to do with nightfall. Yet since it was impossible to

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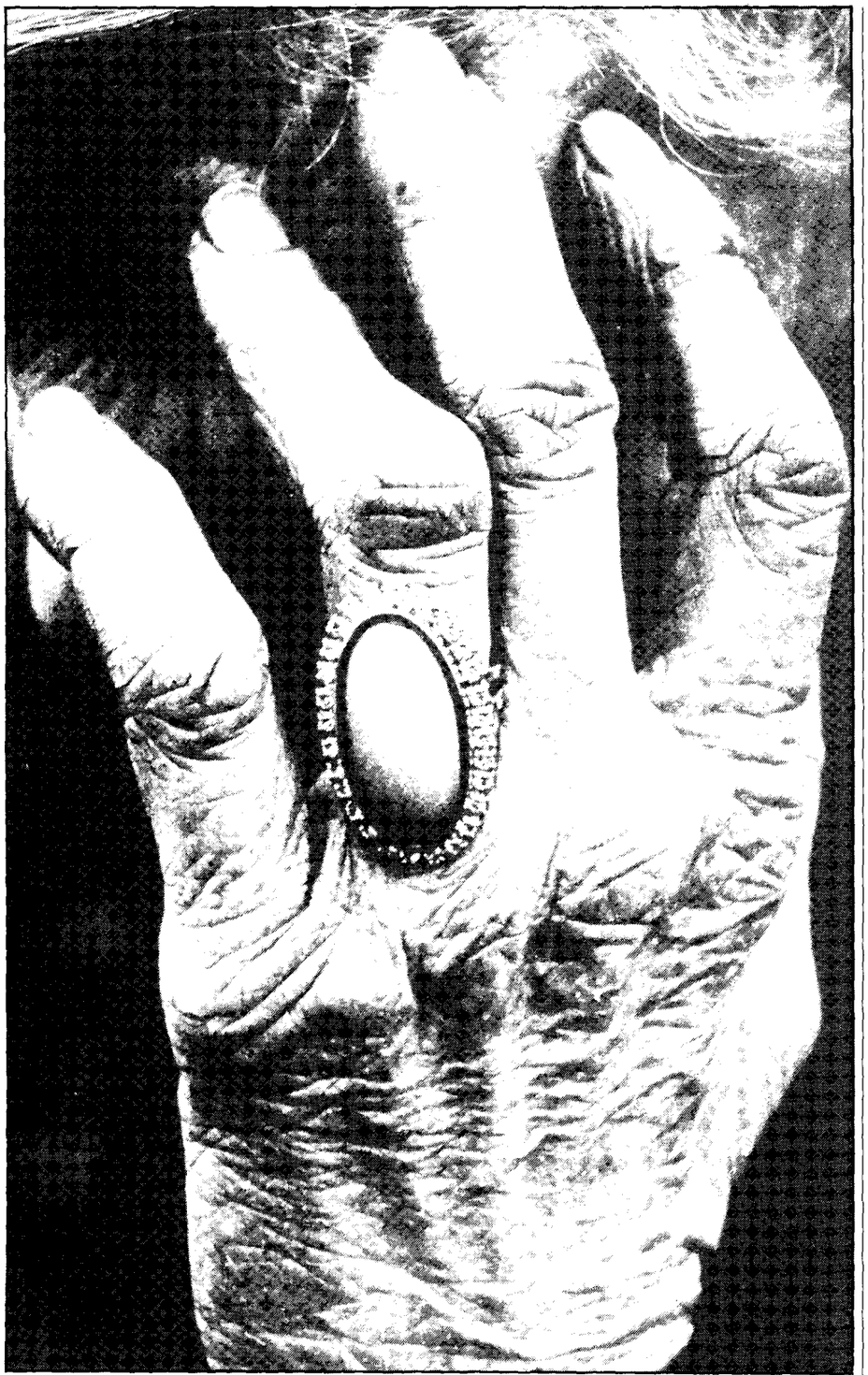

Marcel Imsand

say: You won't die in the night, will you? (when grandmother died, I was told she had gone to have a rest, or — this was from my uncle who was more outspoken — that she had passed over), since I couldn't ask the real question and I sought a reassurance, I invented — like millions before me — the euphemism: See you in the morning! To which either my father or mother, who had come to turn out the light in my bedroom, would reply: See you in the morning, John.

After their footsteps had died away, I would try for as long as possible not to lift my head from the pillow so that the last words spoken remained, trapped like fish in a rock pool at low tide, between my pillow and ear. The implicit promise of the words was also a protection against the dark. The words promised that I would not (yet) be alone.

Now I'm no longer usually frightened by the dark and my father died ten years ago and my mother a month ago at the age of 93. It would be a natural moment to write an autobiography. My version of my life can no longer hurt either of them. And the book, when finished, would be there, a little like a parent. Autobiography begins with a sense of being alone. It is an orphan form. Yet I have no wish to do so. All that interests me about my past life are the common moments. The moments — which if I relate them well enough — will join countless others lived by people I do not personally know.

Six weeks ago my mother asked me to come and see her; it would be the last time, she said. A few days later, on the morning of my birthday, she believed she was dying. Open the curtains, she asked my brother, so I can see the trees. In fact, she died the following week.

On my birthdays as a child, it was my father rather than she who gave me memorable presents. She was too thrifty. Her moments of generosity were at the table, offering what she had bought and prepared and cooked and served to whoever came into the house. Otherwise she was thrifty. Nor did she ever explain. She was secretive, she kept things to herself. Not for her own pleasure, but because the world would not forgive spontaneity, the world was mean. I must make that clearer. She didn't believe life was mean — it was generous — but she had learnt from her own childhood that survival was hard. She was the opposite of quixotic — for she was not born a knight and her father was a warehouse foreman in Lambeth. She pursed her lips together, knitted her brows as she calculated and thought things out and carried on with an unspoken determination. She never asked favours of anyone. Nothing shocked her. From whatever she saw, she just drew the necessary conclusions so as to survive and to be dependent on nobody.

> *She didn't believe life was mean — it was generous — but she had learnt from her own childhood that survival was hard*

If I were Aesop, I would say that in her prudence and persistence my mother resembled the agouti. (I once wrote about an agouti in the London zoo but I did not then realise why the animal so touched me.) In my adult life, the only occasions on which we shouted at each other were when she estimated I was being quixotic.

When I was in my thirties she told me for the first time that, ever since I was born, she had hoped I would be a writer. The writers she admired when young were Bernard Shaw, J M

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Barrie, Compton Mackenzie, Warwick Deeping, E M Dell. The only painter she really admired was Turner — perhaps because of her childhood on the banks of the Thames.

Most of my books she didn't read. Either because they dealt with subjects which were alien to her or because — under the protective influence of my father — she believed they might upset her. Why suffer surprise from something which, left unopened, gives you pleasure? My being a writer was unqualified for her by what I wrote. To be a writer was to be able to see to the horizon where, anyway, nothing is ever very distinct and all questions are open. Literature had little to do with the writer's vocation as she saw it. It was only a by-product. A writer was a person familiar with the secrets. Perhaps in the end she didn't read my books so that they should remain more secret.

If her hopes of my becoming a writer — and she said they began on the night after I was delivered — were eventually realised, it was not because there were many books in our house (there were few) but because there was so much that was unsaid, so much that I had to discover the existence of on my own at an early age: death, poverty, pain (in others), sexuality...

These things were there to be discovered within the house or from its windows — until I left for good, more or less prepared for the outside world, at the age of eight. My mother never spoke of these things. She didn't hide the fact that she was aware of them. For her, however, they were wrapped secrets, to be lived with, but never to be mentioned or opened. Superficially this was a question of gentility, but profoundly, of a respect, a secret loyalty to the enigmatic. My rough and ready preparation for the world did not include a single explanation — it simply consisted of the principle that events carried more weight than the self.

Thus, she taught me very little — at least in the usual sense of the term: she a teacher about life, I a learner. By imitating her gestures I learnt how to roast meat in the oven, how to clean celery, how to cook rice, how to choose vegetables in a market. As a young woman she had been a vegetarian. Then she gave it up because she did not want to influence us children. Why were you a vegetarian? I once asked her, eating my Sunday roast, much later when I was first working as a journalist. Because I'm against killing. She would say no more. Either I understood or I didn't. There was nothing more to be said.

In time — and I understand this only now writing these pages — I chose to visit abattoirs in different cities of the world and to become something of an expert concerning the subject. The unspoken, the unfaceable beckoned me. I followed. Into the abattoirs and, differently, into many other places and situations.

The last, the largest and the most personally prepared wrapped secret was her own death. Of course I was not the only witness. Of those close to her, I was maybe the most removed, the most remote. But she knew, I think, with confidence that I would pursue the matter. She knew that if anybody can be at home with what is kept a secret, it was me, because I was her son whom she hoped would become a writer.

The clinical history of her illness is a different story about which she herself was totally uncurious. Sufficient to say that with the help of drugs she was not in pain, and that, thanks to my brother and sister-in-law who arranged everything for her, she was not subjected to all the mechanical ingenuity of aids for the artificial prolongation of life.

Of how many deaths — though never till now of my own mother's — have I written? Truly we writers are the secretaries of death.

She lay in bed, propped up by pillows, her head fallen forward, as if asleep.

I shut my eyes, she said, I like to shut my eyes and think. I don't sleep though. If I slept now, I wouldn't sleep at night.

'The last, the largest and most personally prepared wrapped secret was her own death'

What do you think about?

She screwed up her eyes which were gimlet sharp and looked at me, twinkling, as if I'd never, not even as a small child, asked such a stupid question.

Are you working hard? What are you writing?

A play, I answered.

The last time I went to the theatre I didn't understand a thing, she said. It's not my hearing that's bad though.

Perhaps the play was obscure, I suggested.

She opened her eyes again. The body has closed shop, she announced. Nothing, nothing at all from here down. She placed a hand on her neck. It's a good thing, make no mistake about it, John, it makes the waiting easier.

On her bedside table was a tin of handcream. I started to massage her left hand.

Do you remember a photograph I once took of your hands? Working hands, you said.

No, I don't.

Would you like some more photos on your table? Katya, her granddaughter, asked her.

She smiled at Katya and shook her head, her voice very slightly broken by a laugh. It would be *so* difficult, so difficult, wouldn't it, to choose.

She turned towards me. What exactly are you doing?

I'm massaging your hand. It's meant to be pleasurable.

To tell you the truth, dear, it doesn't make much difference. What plane are you taking back?

I mumbled, took her other hand.

You are all worried, she said, especially when there are several of you. I'm not. Maureen asked me the other day whether I wanted to be cremated or buried. Doesn't make one iota of difference to me. How could it? She shut her eyes to think.

For the first time in her life and in mine, she could openly place the wrapped enigma between us. She didn't watch me watching it, for we had the habits of a lifetime. Openly she knew that at that moment her faith in a secret was bound to be stronger than any faith of mine in facts. With her eyes still shut, she fingered the Arab necklace I'd attached round her neck with a charm against the evil eye. I'd given her the necklace a few hours before. Perhaps for the first time I had offered her a secret and now her hand kept looking for it.

She opened her eyes. What time is it?

Quarter to four.

It's not very interesting talking to me, you know. I don't have any ideas any more. I've had a good life. Why don't you take a walk?

Katya stayed with her.

When you are very old, she told Katya confidentially, there's one thing that's very, very difficult — it's very difficult to persuade other people that you're happy.

She let her head go back on to the pillow. As I came back in, she smiled.

In her right hand she held a crumpled paper handkerchief. With it she dabbed from time to time the corner of her mouth when she felt there was the slightest excess of spittle there. The gesture was reminiscent of one with which, many years before, she used to wipe her mouth after drinking Earl Grey tea and eating watercress sandwiches. Meanwhile with her left hand she fingered the necklace, cushioned on her forgotten bosom.

Love, my mother had the habit of saying, is the only thing that counts in this world. Real love, she would add, to avoid any factitious misunderstanding. But apart from that simple adjective, she never added anything more.

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John Topham Picture Library

Besotted with the monarchy: coronation decorations in Sidcup 1937

Searchlight on the magic

THE ENCHANTED GLASS: BRITAIN AND ITS MONARCHY
Tom Nairn
Radius £8.95 paperback £25 hardback

David Cannadine

In the Britain of the 1980s, there are only three people who really matter, and all of them are women. But before their pre-eminence is hailed as embodying the long-overdue triumph of the feminist movement, it is worth remembering precisely how unusual they are: Dame Edna Everidge, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, and Queen Elizabeth II. In no other country in the world today are the head of state, the chief executive and the court jester *all* recruited from what used to be called the weaker sex. Anyone wishing to understand the cultural, social, economic or political history of Britain in this decade will need to explore both the causes and the consequences of this extraordinary phenomenon.

But the 1980s have not only witnessed the triumph of these matriarchal megastars. They have also seen rivalry and disagreement between them. Dame Edna sends up everybody. The Queen and Mrs Thatcher do not get on. One stands for competition, efficiency, self-advancement. The other believes in consensus, flummery and hierarchy. As a lawgiver of increasingly absolutist aspirations, and as the would-be leader of the nation in arms (remember the Falklands?), the Prime Minister has effectively usurped the traditional functions of old-style monarchy. Take away Dennis and add a toasting fork, and she would be the very reincarnation of Britannia. No wonder that the Queen is reputedly not amused.

So, despite the massive Tory majorities, the 1980s have been neither a happy nor a glorious decade for the House of Windsor. The gossip about the younger generation has been more than usually unedifying. The biographies of Mountbatten and George V, though written by establishment figures of impeccable credentials, were hardly flattering or adulatory. It has not been daylight, but searchlight, which has broken in upon the magic. Above all, the institution which was so successfully at the head of the welfare state has not found it easy to accommodate to the changed national mood of Thatcherism. When the goal posts are shifted so dramatically, it must make life very difficult for the referee.

It is in this increasingly critical context – where, significantly, it has been the right rather than the left which has made most of the running – that Tom Nairn's fascinating study must be set. He begins with an extended exhortation to take the monarchy seriously. The gush and the hype of tabloids and women's magazines are, he rightly insists, not just the sign of collective lunacy on the part of the people, or of skilful manipulation on the part of the rulers. For the British monarchy does fill a real and important function: it is the essence and the emblem of our national identity.

How and why is this so? Nairn offers essentially two explanations. His first is political, and has to do with what he sees as the unique nature of the British state. It was forged in the 17th century in a succession of revolutions which did not actually establish popular sovereignty, but

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instead put a patrician parliament firmly in charge. Despite the execution of Charles I, this ultimately allowed the monarchy to make a comeback, not as the flywheel of government, but as the focus of national awareness. Tentatively from the 1790s, and more emphatically from the 1880s, patriotism and monarchy were thus conflated, and loyalty and royalty became inseparable.

During the same period, a series of economic developments further consolidated the position

Those few who today want a republic are dismissed as cranks

of the crown. Already in the 17th century, England's productive resources were controlled by an alliance of capitalist landowners and metropolitan financiers, and they remained in charge before, during and after the industrial revolution. They were located in London and the home counties; they were hostile to provincial industry and northern entrepreneurs; and they looked to the sovereign for leadership and legitimation. In short, it was—and is—the world of "Old Corruption" (Cobbett) and of "finance capital" (Hobson) which has both needed and nurtured the crown.

But if the monarchy has indeed been so central to the economic and political structure of Britain for so long, then why has it so often been dismissed as peripheral and ornamental, and why has republicanism fared so badly? The answer, according to Nairn, lies in—of all places—the writings and legacy of royalty's favourite bedside reading: Walter Bagehot himself. For Bagehot influentially but erroneously described Britain as a veiled republic, and so misled the left into thinking that the monarchy was too weak to be worth bothering about. The result is that those few people who today want a republic are too readily dismissed as cranks, traitors—or as Willie Hamilton.

Like all of Tom Nairn's writing, this book is an irritating but coruscating compound of brilliance and banality, insight and oversight, pertinence and prolixity. It deepens and extends many of the arguments he has already aired to such telling effect in *The Break-Up of Britain*. It is absolutely correct in the central question which it poses: why are the British so besotted with their monarchy? And it is equally right in claiming that no satisfactory answer can be provided unless it considers the broader historical context of Britain's national development. Moreover, it abounds in fascinating insights on subjects ranging from Hobbes to Annigoni, royal fashion to royal baldness.

But for all its sweep and sparkle, the argument is neither as convincing nor as original as might have been expected. Despite the wealth of detail, the subject never quite comes into focus. The links in the chain of exposition—from national obsession to national symbol to national history—are not always as cogently established as they should be. The historical account is insufficiently nuanced to do full justice to the astonishingly complex evolution of the British state. And by concentrating so exclusively on the monarchy as the symbol of national identity, Nairn ignores its many other functions which are equally important in understanding its abiding appeal.

Above all, the explanation which is ultimately offered for the monarchy's astonishingly successful survival is based on the two most commonplace ideas about Britain's past which are in circulation at present. One is that our country was and is essentially an ancien régime, where – in political terms – nothing important has ever really changed. The other is that, despite once being "the workshop of the world," British culture has always been anti-industrial in its values. On the left and the right, this is now the fashionable picture of the British past. And it is easy to see how the evolution of the monarchy can be incorporated in such an interpretation.

In scholarly terms, it cannot be said that such a view of the past actually gets us very far. And in the context of contemporary politics, its main value lies in the historical justification which it provides for the present government's assault on vested interests and celebration of the profit motive. Seen in this light, Tom Nairn's book does not so much provide a thoroughgoing and radical analysis of the contemporary British monarchy, as offer instead what is ironically an essentially Thatcherite critique. In more senses than one, *The Enchanted Glass* ultimately tells us more about the state of the left than about the state of the crown.

Naming names

ELIA KAZAN: A LIFE
Elia Kazan
Andre Deutsch £17.95

Sean French

In Elia Kazan's insistently autobiographical novel, *The Arrangement*, the central couple experience a financial crisis which in one scene forces them to cut back on their expenditure. Out go the Mexican gardener and the pool telephone extension. Then they get to reading matter: "The New York *Times*, the books, magazines—the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New Statesman*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, *Vogue*—well, those are things that keep us in touch with the living world, and they'd be the last items I'd cut down."

It's always nice to get a plug but an endorsement by Elia Kazan for a left-wing magazine was an asset that had diminished rather by 1967 (when the novel was published). For, 15 years earlier, on 10 April 1952, Kazan had become the most significant "friendly" witness ever to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

The day after he had identified all the communists of his acquaintance to the committee, Kazan took out a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* to explain why he had done so. Apart from that hectoring pronouncement (which was actually the work of his wife, Molly), Kazan has always refused to discuss those events. Thus, his autobiography has been eagerly awaited for many years.

Of course, this long book has much else of interest. No other American director has been so successful in both the theatre and cinema. There are vivid accounts here of the first productions of Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*, *Death of a Salesman*, *After the Fall* and Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

Kazan's film career was hardly less successful and he played a decisive part in establishing the legends of both Marlon Brando and James Dean. The director's sexual liaisons were legion, including a brief one with Marilyn Monroe, without which no male Hollywood memoir is complete.

However, the most dramatic part of Kazan's life was his association with HUAC. He has been judged harshly for naming names, so it is worth seeing events from his point of view. In the mid-thirties he had joined the Communist Party like other members of the radical Group Theater but he left after only 18 months. By 1952 he was the most important theatre director in New York and his Hollywood career was taking off as well. Suddenly he risked losing all of that unless he revealed the names of people with whom he had largely lost touch, connected with an organisation he no longer respected. And anyway, he argues, in a democracy why should membership of a political party be kept secret?

It may be argued that, by refusing to cooperate, Arthur Miller and Lillian Hellman behaved more heroically. But they were writers and could, to some extent, pursue their craft despite any blacklist. Elia Kazan wasn't heroic, far from it. He named every name he knew and supplemented this with a list of all his films and stage productions, each accompanied by a little note showing how thoroughly American it was in its themes.

If Kazan had claimed that he had compromised but no more than any ordinary person would have in the circumstances, that would have been one thing. But he has never been content with this position. *On the Waterfront* (1954), written by friendly witness Budd Schulberg, starring friendly witness Lee J. Cobb, and directed by Kazan, could have been titled "The Stoolpigeon as Hero." Kazan's autobiography is much the same but he has to play the informer himself instead of Brando and write his own defence, and the result is far less impressive.

Arthur Miller struck the right balance in his autobiography, *Timebends*: "I felt my sympathy going toward him and at the same time I was afraid of him. Had I been of his generation, he would have had to sacrifice me as well." (This magnanimity contrasts shamefully with Kazan's abuse of Miller in the book under review.) The fact is that, as a result of Kazan's testimony, the careers of those he named (who, for all he knew, might already have left the party like him) were severely damaged, while his was saved. Kazan portrays his friendly testimony as a matter of principle, but since he only contemplated the action when his career was in jeopardy, it is difficult to give the assertion much weight.

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This is an unattractive book, at the same time unapologetic and garnished with excuses, with special pleading for himself and smearing of friends and colleagues. Kazan sees himself as a victim of McCarthyism because some people criticised him for his cooperation, while giving scant acknowledgement to people who had more than their sensibilities damaged. But as La Rochefoucauld remarks somewhere, the people we find hardest to forgive are those we have harmed.

Fascinating women

THIS NARROW PLACE: SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER AND VALENTINE ACKLAND; LIFE, LETTERS AND POLITICS, 1930–1951
Wendy Mulford
Pandora £6.95

Sara Maitland

Sylvia Townsend Warner's first novel, *Lolly Willowes*, published in 1926, was one of the earliest of those now well known green-spined Virago Classics. I read it and was enchanted, as who would not be, by its fiesty middle aged heroine and by Townsend Warner's extraordinary lightness of touch and witty iconoclasm. Fifty years in advance, it prefigured (with rather more skill than many subsequent offerings) several of the themes of seventies' feminist fiction—the witchy power in women, the need and struggle for autonomy, the pleasures of being an outsider and so forth. Despite my real pleasure, however, I do not remember giving the author more than a passing thought.

Shame on me really, for it turns out Townsend Warner was a fascinating woman. From 1926 until "death did them part" in 1959 she lived with Valentine Ackland, the poet, in a relationship which transcended its rural and domestic base to become a partnership both literary and political. A relationship which neither hid nor emphasised its lesbian nature, but seems to have taken that simply as a given. Nonetheless, that probably does have some bearing on the fact that throughout the cultural turmoil of the thirties and forties both of them were passionately committed, as writers and as individuals, to the left—a commitment which took them to Spain during the civil war and which, in Townsend Warner's case at least, never flagged.

It is on these two decades that Mulford (a poet herself) has chosen to concentrate in this surprisingly touching account. Her main concern is with the business of being a left-wing writer and how the personal does in fact mesh with the political; and how this affects the literary product itself, specifically for women.

It is an interesting approach: the thirties and early forties were a period which, especially for the left, repays frequent consideration. As in the late sixties and early seventies, though sustained for longer, there was a mood of political seriousness and optimism, despite the continuous defeats inflicted on the left both domestically and internationally. As usual the involvement of women in this cultural upheaval has been insufficiently studied, and Mulford's attempt at redressing the balance is welcome.

However, the book is not entirely successful, mainly because this reader at least—and, I suspect, many others too—does not know the work in question well enough. The sort of careful detailed literary criticism that Mulford wants to bring to bear on her subjects does depend for effect on the reader knowing that work, at least to some extent.

This is particularly true of Ackland. Avoiding (rightly) an over-personalised or biographical approach means that we do not have a strong enough sense of the individual whose work, mostly unknown itself, is inevitably offered up piecemeal and highly selectively. From the samples given we get an impression of a strong lyrical talent struggling to find access to a more political and engaged mode of expression.

This is a fascinating topic in itself; but somehow Mulford's handling of it failed to hold my attention: the scale is not quite right. I needed either more reference beyond the couple themselves—particularly as to how their friends on the left saw their writing and how they were handling similar topics—or a more psychoanalytical presentation of the two writers. Perhaps it is only my frivolity which had me longing for more about Ackland's drinking problem and her confused relationship to Roman Catholicism, about the childhood of both women and the interior decoration of their houses; but I confess I did.

And this is a pity, because Mulford writes perceptively and well, clearly enjoys her subject and manages to find a good balance between the two women—something of an achievement since Townsend Warner both wrote far more and is much better known. Mulford refers a number of times to a forthcoming biography of Townsend Warner, and when that is available it may provide a fuller context for this delightful but over-extended specific study.

Fools and rogues

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN BRITAIN
John Saville
Faber £4.95

Kenneth O. Morgan

The history of the Labour Party has too often been presented in heroic, romantic terms of the "long march" variety. There is little danger of this kind of excess in Professor Saville's critical short study of some of the major features of the movement from the late-19th century to the 1984-85 miners' strike. It is the work of a veteran marxist economic historian,

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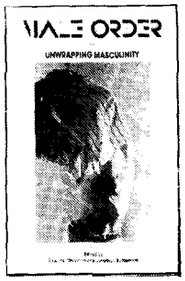

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whose many works, including his examplary joint editorship of the multi-volume *Dictionary of Labour Biography*, provide a magnificent monument of sustained scholarship.

As historian, Saville is a hero of labour himself. He is also a long-standing marxist activist and polemicist, deeply critical of social democracy in its parliamentary British guise, and a former pillar of the Communist Party who broke with its leadership in 1956. In some respects, therefore, his approach is predictable. On the other hand, it is based on deep learning and a profound humanity. It forms a welcome, if inevitably one-sided, contribution to labour historiography.

His account takes its stand on the creation of a characteristic British amalgam of labour reformism or "labourism," based on economic group self-interest primarily, though enriched from time to time by left-wing or *marxisant* intellectuals. This tradition, stemming from the tough Lib-Lab culture of the late-Victorian period, survived even during the industrial clashes of pre-1914 and the revolutionary potential of the first world war and its aftermath.

This tradition, too, won through during the apparent crisis of the 1926 general strike and helped make Labour an empty and sterile party, in Saville's view, from 1929 to 1945. The Attlee government after the second world war is given grudging praise for its social reforms. But in general, it also failed to break free from the class and imperialist stereotypes of its opponents; it left a barren legacy.

Since 1951 Labour, for Saville, has had no virtue at all. It has been gulled by quasi-Keynesianism of the Crosland type, and neutered by political paralysis. The victory of Thatcherism in three elections, for all the mass unemployment of the 1980s, and the wilful failure of Labour's leadership to back the miners in 1984, complete the indictment. If this catalogue of fools and rogues has a supreme villain it is, perhaps, Ernest Bevin, the agent of class collaboration in 1926 and the instrument of capitalist cold war propaganda after 1945.

Now no one examining the disappointing electoral fortunes of Labour from Keir Hardie to Neil Kinnock can fail to endorse many of these criticisms. But they are couched within ideological assumptions, especially about the virtues that would flow if an adequate socialist critique were conceived and then explained to the passive British worker, that make this book somewhat unsatisfactory as serious history.

It is accompanied, too, by an inflated stress on the creative input in the past from marxist ideology and movements, from socialist Labour Party tutorial classes in Edwardian times to the benefits of collaboration with the communists after 1939. The ambiguous concept of "labourism" is not examined in any depth. Significantly, its major exponent, Arthur Henderson, Labour's key organiser and architect of the trade union alliance, is never once mentioned, in contrast to attention paid to such as Theodore Rothstein and Konni Zilliacus, whose "remarkable understanding of world politics" is lauded to the skies.

In this fascinating book, the economic historian of rare analytical skills is in tension with a marxist ideologue of impossibilist tendency. It is unfortunate that it is the latter who too often seems to win out.

The joy of knowledge

AN AMERICAN CHILDHOOD
Annie Dillard
Picador £10.95

Carole Angier

In 1974 Annie Dillard won the Pulitzer Prize for her first prose book, *Pilgrim at Tinker's Creek* (Picador £3.95). She deserved it. *Tinker's Creek* is extraordinary: a poet's lab report, a naturalist's poem, about every inch of a few acres of West Virginia; brilliantly written, intensely thought and felt, and leavened with humour, too, as though manna had been baked with raisins. Here was a new *Walden* or *Natural History of Selborne*, written by a woman.

Eight years later a second book appeared: *Teaching a Stone to Talk* (Picador £3.50), "expeditions and encounters" in other parts of the world, often the Galapagos Islands. She hadn't hurried or changed. She peered at the world with the same scientific concentration and metaphysical openness; she wrote with the same beauty and accuracy. But now she looked (briefly) at one or two people as well as amoebas, insects, fish and birds; she had become a Catholic; she mentioned a husband and perhaps a child. I was fascinated; I longed to know more. How had America—covered over with freeways, supermarkets, TV, all the rest of the get-rich-quick—produced Annie Dillard? Who *was* she?

Now here is her autobiography, at least of her early years. It's still a mystery, of course. But at least I know a bit; and—still better—I've read another terrific book by Annie Dillard.

She was born in Pittsburgh in 1945. She tells us a good bit about this: her rich establishment grandparents, her private school and country club upbringing, in which the same Pittsburgh Presbyterian children kept meeting all their lives, until (their parents hoped) "we should all have married each other up, at last."

To this extent the book *is* an American childhood; to the extent, too, that Annie Dillard wouldn't have anything to do with these boys, "who wore ties from the moment their mothers could locate their necks," and who now run Pittsburgh. Indeed she wouldn't have anything to do with the whole of expensive upper class Pittsburgh, spent her late teens in a fury of contempt, and never got to know them at all.

This, and some sections of Pittsburgh and Indian history, look outward. But mostly this book is—as it should be—an inward and intellectual history. Annie Dillard began at the age of five, discovering that her night fears could be banished by knowledge. Her course was set.

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She maps her neighbourhood in her head; she draws, she reads, she studies rocks, plants, insects. By twelve years old she is already the person who wrote *Tinker's Creek*: a fanatic amateur, "working full time to extract the interest from everything." She wanted to notice and remember everything, so it wouldn't be lost, and because her greatest joy was—literally—the joy of knowledge. She describes this, and the joys of concentration, effort and absorption, better than anyone I have ever read.

She also describes her parents wonderfully: her tall dreamy father, who lit out for the territories and then came home again; her inventive nonconformist mother, a suburban Samson in chains ("She didn't like the taste of stamps, so she didn't lick stamps; she licked the corner of the envelope instead"). Jokes were her parents' art; they endlessly debated their narrative form, and produced a great writer for a daughter (my favourite new version of the American Dream).

But the priorities of *Tinker's Creek* and *Teaching a Stone to Talk* remain. Annie Dillard is more a natural scientist than a human one. Some of her best observations of people are physical, as though she sees them through a microscope: boys' necks, grown-ups' skin. She knows this; she chooses it. "It is not you or I that is important," she writes. "What is important is anyone's coming awake and discovering a place . . . this speckled mineral sphere, our present world."

A cyclist at America's "wailing wall": Charles Tasnadi's photograph comes from "The Wall: images and offerings from the Vietnam Veterans Memorial," published this week by Collins at £20

Laughter, but no joke

GREY IS THE COLOUR OF HOPE
Irina Ratushinskaya, translated by Alyona Kojevnikov
Hodder & Stoughton £12.95

Fleur Adcock

"What would it be like to share prison skilly with you? Or carry out the slop-bucket?" Irina Ratushinskaya can't help asking herself when she meets someone new. Years of being confined in close quarters with others, under extremes of privation and stress, make the questions instinctive. She was sentenced in March 1983 to seven years in a "strict regime" prison camp, plus five years of internal exile, for writing "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda"—ie, poetry; in October 1986, just before the Reykjavik summit and after much pressure from abroad, she was unexpectedly released.

The outlines of her story are well known by now, but her book makes gripping reading. When she arrived in the "Small Zone" for female political prisoners she had already heard about her new companions (only four then, but the numbers varied) on western radio broadcasts. The most important was Tatyana Velikanova, "a walking encyclopaedia of the human rights movement," who had established the practices of dignity, mutual care and scrupulous non-cooperation observed by the inmates of the Zone.

They would not wear identity badges, or kowtow to camp officials, or take part in the structural maintenance of the prison (keeping their own quarters clean was a different matter). In common with other political prisoners they observed hunger strikes on certain dates, such as International Human Rights Day; and whenever one of them was treated with particular injustice (such as being sent to SHIZO, the grim, icy cold punishment block, while ill) those of the others who were not too ill themselves went on hunger strikes for periods up to two weeks. ("Not too ill" means, in this context, "not at death's door." Most of them were ill, by normal standards, most of the time: constant high temperatures, oedema from malnutrition, kidney problems and other internal dysfunctions were routine.)

Naturally they were punished: they spent weeks in SHIZO; visits from their families were cancelled (Ratushinskaya didn't see her husband for three years); their mail was withheld; they were denied medical treatment – not that it would necessarily have been beneficial: the hospital wing was filthy, and the patients themselves had to lug in coal for the boilers.

From the ordinary criminal prisoners ("zeks") the "politicals" acquired a fund of cunning tricks for smuggling notes and small objects. But their own ingenuity supplied them with equally resourceful alternatives for unobtainable necessities: at one point "circumstances compelled us to take up candle-making"; they grew vegetables, hidden in flower-beds; when their garden was destroyed they ate dandelions and clover to stave off vitamin deficiencies. Prison clothing was hopelessly inadequate, when forthcoming at all, so they concocted their own out of scraps and rags, and embroidered blouses for each other's birthdays. Their creative abilities became a legend. And all the time, somehow, Irina Ratushinskaya was composing poems in her head and committing them to memory until they could be smuggled out of the camp.

"We were not seeking to perform heroic acts," she writes towards the end of this chronicle of mind-boggling heroism: "if anything, these were acts of self-preservation." In her case they were also Christian acts, though she seldom mentions God. Not all of the group were Christians; nor, understandably, were all equally heroic; but they supported each other, they endured sadistic psychological as well as

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physical torments ("The worst thing in the camps," Velikanova said, "is the perpetual lies"), and they laughed and joked a good deal. Admirable though this was, the jokes are not very funny in retrospect; like much else in this inspiring book, they are more likely to make you cry.

Celebration of friendship

COASTWISE LIGHTS
Alan Ross
Collins Harvill £12.95

Philip Oakes

There is an appallingly high body count among the painters and writers recalled so vividly by Alan Ross in his second volume of autobiography. John Minton, Keith Vaughan, Bernard Gutteridge, John Gale, T.C. Worsley: all dead by their own hand and mostly before their time. In the case of Worsley, who washed down a bottleful of sleeping tablets with whisky, the Brighton coroner, with a curious urge to precision, described it as the largest overdose he had ever encountered. It is the kind of detail which sticks in the mind and, presumably, one which has haunted Ross over the years.

His book, though, is a true celebration of friendship and talent, as well as the sports—football, cricket and horse-racing—which have engaged him for the past four decades. Like the previous volume it deals with what he calls the raw material out of which I began to write poetry and includes 40 or so of the poems themselves. So it should, but the effect is curiously vaudevillian, as though after showing his credentials the artist has consented to do a turn. The best of Ross's poetry is private and erotic and there is little of it here.

He is also the least confessional of autobiographers. *Coastwise Lights* covers the years 1947-1978, during which he reports on sport and war for the *Observer,* takes over the *London Magazine* from a disenchanted John Lehmann and makes his bow as a racehorse owner. Between times, lovers and wives come and go, children are born, the author—one learns, almost in parenthesis—has a nervous breakdown. But the book confides nothing. Ross is a discreet guide to his own life.

He is less reticent about his friends. The short-story writer and novelist, William Sansom, is first seen encrusted in toothpaste as a shield against mosquito attack. Gavin Ewart is introduced as the author of a futuristic novel concerning pornographic goings-on at Buckingham Palace. Keith Vaughan demands of his journal, "What was Rimbaud's cock like?" and Ian Fleming, enfeebled by two heart attacks, is encountered in retreat from his wife, Ann, whose presence towards the end accounted for a dangerous rise in his pulse rate.

There is a wonderful portrait of Henry Green, perhaps the most admired British novelist of the 1950s, who accompanies Ross on holiday to France and is found sharing his bottle of gin with a gun-toting gang of Farouk's bodyguards policing the garden of an adjacent hotel where the monarch is licentiously at play.

Ross also tells how the aged novelist, L.P. Hartley, was made a Companion of Honour by the Royal Society of Literature at the hands of a curiously inept and seemingly gaga R. A. Butler. On hearing his name called, Hartley, in a state of some confusion not unusual in his later years, made off from the throng in the wrong direction, ending up in the lavatory. Eventually extricated, he was guided towards Butler, but mistaking the scroll of honour in Butler's hand for a charitable request or some petition he was being asked to sign, began scrabbling for his chequebook and pen.

Much booze is drunk and manners are raffishly mislaid in the course of these reminiscences. The comedy is black for the most part, but Ross is an adroit recorder and his matching of anecdote and tone seems to me perfectly judged. Listing his dead friends he notes ruefully, "I had not intended the book to take such a shape, but there it is." No apologies are called for. They have been well remembered.

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Mandela's image problem

Marek Kohn

The Nelson Mandela 70th birthday celebrations begin on Saturday. A troupe of major-league rock performers will draw 70,000 people to Wembley stadium. Millions more will watch the event on BBC2 or via satellite on foreign networks around the world. The next day, a demonstration in Glasgow will send a party of marchers on their way to London, where they will be greeted by another rally. The birthday itself, a full month later, will be marked by a church service and other events.

The Wembley concert takes place on another Mandela anniversary—that of his conviction 24 years ago. All this provides an outstanding opportunity to publicise the cause of resistance to apartheid, at a time when the South African regime's restrictions on the media have been effective in obscuring the struggle from the outside world. But, as we applaud the fact that the imprisoned nationalist will be honoured around the globe, it would be as well to consider some of the consequences of the way the idea of "Mandela" will be broadcast through the world's media.

Since Live Aid, there has been a widespread tendency to shun any real scrutiny of the global charity jukebox phenomenon in the face of its unarguably welcome results. It raises a lot of money for needy people—and large sums of money are particularly impressive in a money-obsessed culture. It also causes the simultaneous detonation of vaguely benevolent impulses among millions of affluent people, which creates an attractive counter-image.

The Wembley concert is spectacular PR. But will its very success ensure that the political message gets screened out by the media event?

And there it stops. The global jokebox, whereby the electronic media extend the mass gathering of the stadium rock concert to armchair participants around the world, is outstanding at disseminating simple images and messages. It is unable to articulate more complicated political concepts. Bob Geldof was phenomenally successful when he spoke as the voice of the ordinary, decent, apolitical humanitarian, but his calls for Live Aid's commitment to be turned into a political movement for greater justice in the relationship between rich and poor, although widely reported, fell on deaf ears.

It may be that the Mandela commemorations will be more successful in this respect, but that seems unlikely. A few weeks ago, I was invited to attend the meeting in London between Ismail Ayob, Nelson Mandela's lawyer, and Annie Lennox, the Eurythmics singer, at which the concert and matters surrounding it would be discussed. The idea was that this tête-à-tête between representatives of the worlds of rock and politics would be recorded and analysed by me for Another Publication. A couple of TV crews would record brief interviews beforehand, and then it would be just us. In the event, the pair answered the TV interviewers' questions for a couple of hours and then got up to go. In my desperate bid to snatch a scrap or two of usuable material, a predictable confrontation developed. Ayob declined to answer one question for fear of compromising his security on his return to South Africa. This is obviously a consideration of the greatest importance. However, I did feel that the general fuss that ensued owed much to the desire that representations of the

IDAF

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campaign in the media be as bland and uncontroversial—that is, apolitical—as possible. This impression was deepened by the subsequent reaction to the unmentionable words "Paul Simon".

Early last year, the diminutive singer had deftly outmanoeuvred his critics in the anti-apartheid movement over his controversial Graceland album. The day before Simon's now notorious press conference, the word from the Artists Against Apartheid office was that Simon was going to eat humble pie and admit he was wrong to record in Johannesburg. He did no such thing, asserting instead that his action had not broken the UN cultural boycott. In a powerful appeal to liberal perceptions, the black musicians who played on the album were portrayed as victims both of apartheid and the anti-apartheid movement. AAA had committed itself to a fundamentalist interpretation of the terms of the cultural boycott; one based on the old picket-line principle—"nothing moves in or out of here". In private, its response to the Simon debacle showed a preference for the lecture over the debate. A bit of practice in genuine debating skills might have enabled the movement to contest the ideological high ground Simon so successfully occupied.

AAA had been facing this impasse for some time. In a culture of traditional left political activism, the picket-line principle—no compromise, no flexibility, obedience to the edicts of the Party or its equivalent—was generally understood and accepted. So was the idea of personal activism. Pop musicians were a different kettle of fish. They could grasp a simple idea, like that of not playing in Sun City, but the comparative complexities of negotiating with their record companies to exclude their records from sale in South Africa were beyond all but a handful of them. When AAA has been able to articulate the liberal pop consensus, it has been spectacularly effective. The huge concert held on Clapham Common in 1986 was a testament to its success as a politically-motivated rock promotion agency. But its attempts to politicise pop performers have been ineffectual by comparison.

Annie Lennox was certainly ill at ease in the role of activist when she met Ismail Ayob. Disclaiming political sophistication, she emphasised the moral basis of her commitment to the cause. The PRs approved of this tack. We want to get away from the politics and concentrate on this guy in prison, one said. Her colleague helped get the MTV rock video network's interviewer away from politics, by vetting the questions and objecting to the one about Paul Simon.

It's easy enough to pick on PRs for making fatuous remarks and sanitising information, but that's their job, and there is only so much point in blaming them for doing it. The question is whether the attempt to use the mass media for what starts out as a political cause is not doomed to result in the reduction of the cause to banality. The set-piece question of the evening concerned Mandela's present condition. Much of Ayob's answer dwelt not on the prisoner's inner state, but on his external appearance. A ripple of amusement went round the room when, answering Lennox' inquiry, Ayob decided that the

To get on MTV we need to get away from the politics and concentrate on this guy in prison

nationalist leader's hairstyle and face resembled those of the bleached-blonde rock singer.

The emphasis on appearance was revealing. The power of the apartheid regime is such that, in a world so extensively surveyed by television, the only new broadcast image of Mandela in a quarter of a century was that indistinct and uncertain shape of a man picked up by a TV crew with the wit to train their camera on a security monitor in a hospital where Mandela was receiving treatment. For "Mandela" to become an effective symbol in the lexicon of symbols circulated by the electronic media, there must be an image. So the newest of media must depend upon the oldest; the eyewitness. This is an indictment of Pretoria's repressiveness, but it is also a symptom of a shift in symbolic meaning. Mandela becomes detached from the millions he represents. The world is encouraged to consider the plight of the individual rather than a people.

The combination of hi-tech banality and a left political culture which frequently seems more concerned to impose its authority than to win arguments is a worrying one. Popular culture *is* capable of articulating contradictions and complexities. Sir Richard Attenborough, arguably Britain's cleverest liberal politician, demonstrated this with *Cry Freedom*. Backstage, he brought the energies of a Kissinger to his diplomatic exchanges with important black activists. The film itself is aimed squarely at a white audience, and therefore concentrates on the story of a middle-class white family. But it continually reminds its audience of the contradictions and inadequacies of the whites' political position. The tale of the white family is carefully framed and intercut with images of mass black struggle.

It would be futile to demand a similar political fertility from pop music. Pop is undoubtedly a potent publicity medium. But it would be a sad irony if, as Mandela the man continues to be confined by the apartheid regime, Mandela the symbol should be drained of its political substance as the price of getting on to MTV. After all, to paraphrase Mandela's most famous saying, that political substance is his life.

Cinema

Collusion course

Suzanne Moore *on the "casual misogyny" of "Cop"—a movie about an L.A. detective who is the mirror image of the serial killer he is pursuing.*

Real men don't eat quiche—they eat pot noodles. At least, that's how it is in the movies. Pot noodles, pizzas, burgers, fries—they wolf junk food down with an intensity that takes years of Method classes to develop. In real life, unfortunately, pot noodles addle your brain. They can also cause severe personality problems. This argument has been used as a defence in several American murder trials, most notably and successfully in defence of former San Fancisco mayor Harvey Milk's killer, Dan White.

I mention this only because when watching **Cop** (15, Cannon), the connection between pot noodles and psychosis became clearer to me. Lloyd Hopkins, a tough L.A. police detective eats a lot of junk food and certainly has problems. Even his wife tells him: "You are a deeply disturbed person".

Cop, based on a James Ellroy novel, *Blood on the Moon*, features James Woods as Hopkins, the messed-up but maverick cop who is determined to find a particularly savage killer. Enter the detective-as-existential outlaw: Hopkins goes it alone, breaks all the rules and is suspended. He is a lawman who lives outside the law, more concerned with the primitive moral code that he has constructed for himself. It is entirely fitting that his prey should be that other product of American road mythology—the serial killer. For while serial killers have no apparent motive for their killings, they often seem to operate with an equally idiosyncratic sense of morality.

Despite a vague self-consciousness about such existential pretensions, the film never opens them up. Instead we get a closed circle, with Hopkins and the killer operating as symbiotic archetypes. Looking for a connection that might link the various victims he is seen at one point spreading all the photos of the murdered women in front of him, shuffling them like cards in a pack to find the right combination.

In this scene Hopkins is in complete control as he picks and chooses from these images of women, just as the killer has picked and chosen his victims. This visual collusion between cop and killer is reminiscent of Clint Eastwood's *Tightrope*, a film in which the killer acts as Eastwood's alter ego. Both want to sexually dominate women—indeed both desire the same women—both want to be in "control", as Eastwood says at one point. In *Cop*, Hopkins is linked to the murderer by an obsession with the deluded innocence of women. "Expectation is the greatest woman-killer. Innocence kills" he yells in a bizarre diatribe against his wife, seeming to blame the victims for their own death.

Using such "instinctive evidence" he takes matters into his own hands. In between his own womanising and discovering more blood-caked bodies of murdered women, he finds some feminist poetry at the scene of one of the killings. This leads him to Kathleen McCarthy

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Serial misogynist: Woods in "Cop".

(Lesley Ann Warren), owner of a feminist bookstore and a bit of a poet herself. Like most of the women in the film she falls for him (no surprise, she is a drippy, drippy character). The bookstore, which appears to be located in her living-room, sells titles like *Rage in the Womb*, but the whole thing looks like something out of a Dr White's advert—all chintz and pressed flowers. Still, you can be sure that she is a screwed-up old feminist because she doesn't fuck in the kitchen like Hopkins' other woman but gets all fluttery about "making love". Instead she has to go and take a hot bath and smoke some grass so that she doesn't get "tensed up".

The real significance of the Lesley Ann Warren character is that her feminism appears as nothing more than a kind of refuge from the world, a misguided innocence. The implication being that inside every feminist is a desperately feminine little girl just dying to be protected. In fact, the nearest thing that Hopkins has to what could be called a "relationship" is with his little daughter who asks him during a bedtime story "How did you get the scumbag, Daddy?"

When the final confrontation comes, appropriately enough in the Men's Gym, it is of course not feminist poetry that gets the killer but a sawn-off shotgun. However twisted Hopkins may be, he understands that this is reality. And it is precisely because he is part of that same reality that he understands the way that the killer's mind works. It takes one to know one.

This is a film that closes off all possibilities except that of male brutality dressed up as realism, as "the way things are". Women are at once innocent victims and victims of their own innocence. Hopkins never questions himself, his masculinity or a society soaked in casual misogyny.

Theatre

Imagining no possessions

Does Howard Brenton's Utopian trilogy offer anything more than the old Sixties pipe-dream revisisted? **Betty Caplan** *is unconvinced.*

Howard Brenton brings news from nowhere. The sins of our times can be summed up in one word: attachment—to people, beliefs, objects, ideas. In **Greenland** (Royal Court), the final play in his Utopian trilogy, the descendants of the Early Lost Enlightenment (our own time) have learned to shed these encumbrances in favour of a benign tolerance—but how they got there remains a bit of a mystery. The second play, **Sore Throats**, helpfully takes us back to the beginning of the journey. Jack (James Laurenson) and Judy (Linda Marlowe) are heavily engaged in spouse-bashing. Having unsuccessfully tried to intimidate Judy into parting with the financial assets of their marriage, Jack goes off to Canada with his mistress. Judy resolves to be "fucked, happy and free".

In his preface to the trilogy, Brenton explains that "if you are going to show people moving towards a transformation into a utopian state of mind, you have to show them first at their vilest and most unhappy". Here is the crux of the problem, it seems to me. If you split people up into their best and worst bits, you end up with unreal people and unbelievable plays. *Sore Throats* unquestionably shows people at their worst: Jack's physical assault on Judy culminates in his standing on her head. What can Brenton be trying to tell us? That men abuse women? There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this, Mr Brenton. But it isn't only Judy who is punished: we, the audience, are fair game, too. By subjecting us to such violence, all Brenton succeeds in doing is to alienate us from *him*, not his characters. Lacking compassion, he is like a cruel mother who creates and abandons in one go. Sore throats there are aplenty in this terse production, but no sore hearts.

What's so utopian about all this? In *Greenland*, Brenton claims to "come clean". A motley collection of characters prepares for the General Election of 1987: Joan (Jane Lapotaire) a prospective Labour MP; Bill (Ben Onwukwe) a Labour party activist; Betty Blaze (Sheila Hancock), a Mrs Whitehouse stand-in; her radical feminist daughter Judy (Lesley Sharp). On the periphery Brian, an unrepentant boozer, insists on remaining a-political, ensuring the liquid nectar gets to the parts no party can reach. Caricatures more than anything, each manifests an extreme response to the prospect of more of the same. Each is addicted to something—idealism, moral purity, supremacy (more standing on womens' heads) or just plain liquor. At the end of the first act, having hectored and cajoled us on behalf of their various causes, they jump into the Thames—a perfectly understandable response to the election result.

They wake up 700 years later in a land of hazy sunshine, spindly trees and much goodwill. They come trailing their baggage of prejudices, only to find it has no meaning any more. For this is a land of Zen football where each man is his own goal-keeper, where gender is redundant and economics has been given the golden handshake. They have fulfilled Judy's wanton dream in *Sore Throats* of being "fucked, happy and free". No organisations, committees, or town halls blot the landscape: here everything is in the head—morality, guilt, punishment, the lot.

Brenton's utopian vision comes across as the embodiment of a Sixties pipe-dream, geared to moving us beyond our myopic obsession with sectarianism and possession. This is Nirvana without the dogma—even bigoted Betty learns to let go of the "mucky bits" in her religion. Does the unreality have to do with the fact that the Greenlanders have made emotion irrelevant, I wonder? Blandly they smile, grow tea if that's what they're into (presumably the market magically finds its own level), and make love not war, though the shortage of semen seems slightly ominous. The one bump of interest on this smooth canvas is Ron Cook's brilliant Strangelove-like historian Severan, a "reactionary" whom the locals tolerate as a kind of museum piece. He is a reminder that misery and suffering, once associated with the Human Condition are now a thing of the past. How did they achieve this sublime state, and was it worth it? Brenton's answer is a shrug.

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MEDIATIONS

Visiting the premises of the BBC, let alone working in them, is a hazardous business just now. If the Legionnaire's disease doesn't get you, then the asbestosis will. New BBC managing director Paul Fox sent a reassuring memo to all his staff following the closure of "a number of studios" last week when asbestos fibres were found in "air samples". The Corporation safety officer and the chief medical officer reckon "there is no cause for alarm", at least to the satisfaction of Mr Fox. "All static air tests so far taken have been below the control limit set by the Health and Safety Executive." So BBC employees and visitors who have been sufficiently scrupulous to make sure they breathe static air only have nothing to fear.

Why be so cynical? Because the BBC was considerably less than frank about the outbreak of Legionnaire's disease centred on Broadcasting House, which has cost two lives and many lost days. Health hazards at the BBC are an issue of rather more concern than infiltration by militant lesbians or the leisure pursuits of avuncular presenters.

Carrie On, Stratford. In the wake of the most expensive debacle in Broadway's extravagant history, otherwise known as the Royal Shakespeare Company's musical-with-tampons 'Carrie', what is the mood of the acting troupe on whose nightly commitment the company so nakedly depends? Bullish, comes the reply. RSC actors have always been swift to voice myriad misgivings but the present crisis finds them clasping their Hands to their chests.

Perhaps it's understandable that excited press speculation (is Terry Hands out as Artistic Director? Is there really a movement to recall Trevor Nunn, his predecessor?) looks idle from the rock face. The new RSC policy of decentralisation means that Stratford's current repertoire is overseen by Adrian Noble, while the Barbican effort is run by Bill Alexander. "The critics", a leading Stratford player tells me, "give frankly underhand and dirty coverage of the present productions. But it's a largely new generation of actors up here, a really good group. It's as though the press think a certain kind of actor should be here and isn't—the Alan Howards, the Jacobis. The journalists enjoy promoting the idea of an atmosphere of turmoil. But an actor knows when he's doing good work."

But isn't there just a soupcon of resentment at the commitment to far-off profligacy with a meretricious project when there is a job to be done with the RSC's legitimate repertoire? "Terry Hands got off the plane from New York and saw 'Much Ado' that night." I'm reassured.

W. Stephen Gilbert

Cliff Harper

Out of the Motown Charm School, Diana Ross and the Supremes "smile and sell records"

Music

Motown no more

Stuart Cosgrove *on Techno —the new, post-industrial Detroit sound that is a reaction against everything Motown represents.*

When Katherine Anderson of The Marvelettes arrived at Motown's small suburban headquarters in the mid-1960s she was shocked to find Detroit's musical nerve centre had its own Charm School. "We had someone to teach us how to walk, talk and sit," she remembers, in the inside sleeve of *Motown Dance Party*, a specially sequenced double album on current release. The School probably also had a charming attitude to contract law. "Don't bother reading the small print, run along to wardrobe and try on a beehive wig".

As a record company Motown is now so ensconced in myths about its own past that it has ended any significant relationship with the present. Apart from a small heritage museum full of memorabilia, which is situated in the same suburban house on Woodward Avenue, Motown no longer has any significant dealings with Detroit. The company has moved to Los Angeles secure in the knowledge that it has a 99-year lease on memories.

The departure of Motown in the early 1970s left Detroit with a musical vacuum that has never really been filled. But this week sees the release of another double album, *Techno: the Dance Sound of Detroit* (10 Records), a compilation which catapults the motor city into the new futurism.

The difference between these two double albums couldn't be more marked. Motown's fund of supreme temptation was music of young love and personal optimism. It was songs like "My Guy", "Going To A Go-Go" and "Dancing In The Street". Techno is minimalist, hi-tech dance music. It moodily resents the past, and its pessimistic undercurrents act as an accidental soundtrack to modern Detroit. According to local humour if you get to the local 7-11 store without getting shot, you get a 20 cent discount on toilet paper. Detroit is the seventh city, the uprooted city, and the murder capital of America.

Techno doesn't have songs, it has rhythm tracks with titles like "Sequence 10", "Techno Music" and "Electronic Dance" — sounds that don't set out to be remembered. If Motown provides music for all our yesterdays, the new Detroit dance sound short-circuits personal memory and offers a highly instantaneous music which works on the dance floor — there and then — and offers no hostage to history.

The term Techno first came to prominence in the early 1980s when a young Detroit high-school student, Juan Atkins, formed the electronic funk band, Cybotron, and tried to merge black American street funk with the highly synthesised sound of Germany's robotic superstars, Kraftwerk.

With no local infrastructure to help out, De-

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troit's dance experimentalists were forced to set up studios in their bedrooms and release records on obscure labels. The creative hive of the bedroom technicists was Belleville High School in West Detroit where three of the scene's most successful producers, Juan Atkins, Kevin Saunderson and Derrick May first met.

Techno music breaks with previous forms of black music by turning to Europe for inspiration. British groups like New Order, The Art Of Noise and Cabaret Voltaire, and European synthesiser groups like Kraftwerk and Yello are the scene's main source of oxygen. And there is a healthy disrespect for Motown and what one Tecnho musician, Eddie Flashin Fowlkes, calls "all that family crap".

The Motown sound was built on the same principles as the conveyor belts at Fords

Inadvertently, the producers of Detroit Techno may well have blown the whistle on that age-old rhetorical question: can blue men sing the whites? Pop history is littered with examples of black music being commercially appropriated by white artists but the new Dance Music of Detroit may be the first significant role reversal. It had to happen — a generation of young blacks wish they were from Berlin.

Derrick May, who records under the pseudonym MayDay and made last year's abstract dance classic "Nude Photo" (Transmat) is repelled by the outsider's view of Detroit and its music. He sees Motown's false optimism as a hangover from the 1960s and a burden the city has permanently to live down. "Detroit is living in crisis," he claims. "It has 10-year-olds carrying guns and an industrial heart that doesn't know how to stay in time with today. This is supposed to be the motor city but most people's imaginations are drawn by horse and cart."

The company's philosophy of "smile, and sell records" is the direct opposite of the Techno scene's creative disrespect. Motown thrived on building myths that could be used for financial gain, but 25 years on, the new Detroit dance sound is about the demolition of myths. "Berry Gordy built the Motown sound on the same principles as the conveyor belt at Fords," says Juan Atkins, "but today they use robots and computers to make cars and I'm more interested in Ford's robots than Gordy's music."

The view from Detroit's music scene in 1988 is strictly post-industrial. Computer sampling equipment and chip-driven drum machines have usurped the "human" voice, the record company that forged the city's pop image is in terminal decline and the children of today's Detroit have lost faith in soul. You can almost hear The Four Tops joining hands with Jean Baudrillard and singing in unison as another car factory closes. Sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I love you.

Art

From chic to shit

Whatever happened to Pop Art? **Lucy Ellmann** *found out at Oxford's Museum of Modern Art.*

An odd match has been made by Oxford's Museum of Modern Art. A great quantity of small, colourful preparatory drawings by the wildly successful, mildly controversial, infinitely frivolous American painter, Roy Lichtenstein, is at present placidly cohabiting with three full-scale environments, a hi-fi system with an extensive classical repertoire, a couple of computers, some chairs and a few prints, installed by the British artist, Richard Hamilton. The two artists do have something in common: they're the same age, they both participated memorably in the creation of Pop Art and have continued to forage through contemporary popular culture for inspiration and imagery. They both mock the awesome preciousness of the art object.

But Lichtenstein's aims are clandestinely conventional. Within all his amalgamations of familiar styles, he strains to find a niche for himself in the history of art. His semi-autobiographical murals demonstrate with some panache, that

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Lichtenstein: Final study for "Greene Street Mural"

through his systematic painting-by-numbers (or rather, stripes and spots) Lichtenstein is seeking a utopia of sorts, where all art forms will merge with his in a general impersonal purposelessness.

Hamilton's sharp-edged installations, by contrast, revolt against their own unwelcoming aspect. Spores of Legionnaire's Disease seem to drift through an immaculate recreation of a German hotel lobby, and a host of inverted reflections from the mirrors give this deserted, post-plutonium palace an unpleasant self-satisfied air. In the hospital interior next door, Margaret Thatcher repeats herself endlessly on a TV suspended over an operating table, from which the (NHS?) patient has mysteriously vanished. Unlike that patient, Hamilton's spectator is encouraged to participate, to inhabit the world. The gallery is proposed as a space in which to practice such skills—we are invited to walk around these installations, fiddle with the computer, play the stereo and sit in the comfy designer chairs.

Roy Lichtenstein borrows imagery in a perpetual migratory search for a perch, an identity crisis constantly renewed by his inconclusive stylisation of the styles of others. Like a magpie, he has an eye for a treasure but has trouble distinguishing a bauble from a bottle-top. Some of his take-offs are little more than spin-offs that end up advertising what they set out to mock—this bird likes cartoons.

A much more convincing case is put by Richard Hamilton for joining the establishment in order to subvert it. His taste for technology is continually forced to accommodate a contrary desire to make personal statements; his technical virtuosity is not usually an end in itself (except in his investigations into tyre treads), but a means of parody. Lichtenstein, on the other hand, would happily pawn meaning, to get together enough high and low art leftovers to make Kitsch Soup. His blondes with unreal lips and erect eye-lashes, as well as his expressionist brush-strokes and Mondrians cartoonified, are all gestures of submission and devotion to these sources. The suggestion of satire has worn off as the years wear on.

Hamilton's work, it must be said, used to be funnier. The work now on show in Oxford bears the weight of 30 more years of disaffection, and its pristine air is not always free of the sterile fastidiousness that is Lichtenstein's trademark.

But Hamilton conquers his own unapproachable streak through an effort, however unfashionable it may be, to convey strong points of view. The bravest and most moving example of this is "The Citizen". This painting of an H-Block prisoner was based on an image (culled from a TV documentary), which manifested for Hamilton "the noble spirit of Irish patriotism having retreated (or was it pushed?) into its own excreta". Sweeping aside his own abhorence of IRA crimes, Hamilton portrays the prisoner, who has daubed the walls of his cell with arabesques of shit, as a martyr to his own squalor. In Oxford, the painting spills over into the environment of a mock cell, the walls of which are again smothered in shit that has apparently transcended itself, to become paint.

With such works, Hamilton beckons, enveloping the spectator in a three-dimensional message, and all in all carries on the delicate business of being profound, while Lichtenstein's proto-pointilism shows an equal determination to be flat and impenetrable. Grounds for divorce, I'd say.

Television

'Hollytics' is bad for you

Andrew Goodwin *reports from California on America's media election and how it distorts the political process.*

As ever, the Yanks have a cute name for it, 'Hollytics': the seamless fusion of Hollywood entertainment strategies and Washington political tactics. As the California primaries came to an end, the candidates wheeled out the requisite posse of movie idols and rock stars — Kris Kristofferson, Willie Nelson, Martin Sheen and Natalie Cole for Jesse Jackson; Woody Allen, Cher, Sally Field and Meryl Streep for Mike Dukakis; and Frank Sinatra, naturally, for George Bush. But apart from Jesse Jackson's doomed effort to introduce some politics into the electoral process, the most animating political tickets were those that didn't exist.

The bumper stickers in Berkeley read "BUSH/NORIEGA '88", in what is the best political joke of the election so far. The cable TV service HBO even invented its own candidate — Jack Tanner, played by Michael Murphy, in a series directed by Robert Altman — *Tanner'88*. This docudrama placed the fictional Tanner in actual political events, out campaigning in the primaries alongside Gary Hart and Bob Dole. It completed the cycle of 'Hollytics' that began when Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger appeared on *Dynasty*. Now a TV character had appeared in the campaign itself.

Media domination of US politics during the primaries led to the familiar Bennite charge that broadcasters and journalists favour personalities at the expense of politics. Democrats have been especially vocal on this topic, with Jackson, Hart and Ted Kennedy each making major speeches on the theme. Yet the debate should actually be about a different issue. Personalities shouldn't be divorced from policies — because the personal *is* political, as Gary Hart found out to his cost. The real question is whether media coverage of the issues and the personalities who help shape them concerns itself with public policy or whether, as increasingly seems the case, it grounds itself in a kind of empty self-reflexivity.

When the endless newspaper profiles of the candidates gave way to endless profiles of their campaign managers, the media exposed the subtext of its coverage — who has the tactics to *win*? The candidates are increasingly assessed in the media not by reference to their policies but by virtue of their campaigning abilities. The question about Jesse Jackson has never been whether his ideas are pertinent or his policies desirable, it has always been whether or not he is "unelectable" (codeword for black).

Even campaign advertising is now targeted obliquely on the media itself. The trick with campaign money lies in the relation between paid or "free" — or, in adspeak, *earned* — media. When Senator Paul Simon persisted in running paid TV ads during the New Hampshire primary attacking Democratic rival Richard Gephart, he did so partly because Gephart's angry response generated "free" news coverage of his ad. It's the game Michael Jackson and Pepsi-Cola invented. You make your paid publicity so extravagant or controversial that "news" coverage results — thus generating free media time.

These tactics are inevitable in a political process dominated by a hugely expensive medium. Television has made campaigning so costly that the issue of funding was on the ballot paper itself. In California, Proposition 68 sought to limit campaign spending and offer matching funds from state taxes to offset the advantages enjoyed by wealthier candidates. Ironically, the campaign for Proposition 68 was severely hampered by a lack of funds that kept it off the air until the very last minute.

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A qualified Counsellor is required to assist with the counselling and welfare work in the College. 35 hour week, term time only (36 weeks per year). Two part-time appointments would be considered.
Closing date: 24.6.88. Ref: ED 781

Application forms and further details from the Personnel Office, Ealing College of Higher Education, St. Mary's Road, Ealing, London W5 5RF. Telephone: 01-579 4111.

Ealing's new Council welcomes applications from all regardless of sex, race, ethnic origin, responsibility for dependants, from people with disabilities and from lesbians and gay men.

Ealing

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

TUC EQUAL RIGHTS DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for three posts in this new Department which will take forward the TUC's work in promoting the rights and interests of women workers and working people from black and ethnic minority communities.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Will report to the Head of Department and be responsible for organising and overseeing the Department's work. Duties include servicing the Equal Rights, Women's and Race Relations Committees and initiating and maintaining contacts with trade unions and other organisations.

Salary in a scale from £18,763 to £19,788 inc. London Weighting.

TWO ASSISTANTS

Responsible for the Department's administration and policy development and implementation. One of these posts will include major responsibilities in the race relations area.

Salary in a scale from £13,107 to £17,205 inc. London Weighting.

Applicants should be committed trade unionists, preferably with experience in the field of sex and/or race equality. For application form and further details write to:

THE GENERAL SECRETARY
TUC ■ CONGRESS HOUSE ■ GREAT RUSSELL STREET
LONDON ■ WC1B 3LS
quoting reference ERD 1

The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is Friday, June 24, 1988.

The TUC is an Equal Opportunities Employer and welcomes applicants regardless of sex, disability, marital status, ethnic origin or sexual orientation.

NORTH WEST HERTFORDSHIRE HEALTH AUTHORITY

Hill End Adolescent Unit

This is a regional unit for younger adolescents providing a psychiatric service based on crisis intervention and systems theory. It has open communications management.

Post of Nursing Assistant

We are looking for motivated people to join an established multi-discipline team. We can offer you:

EXPERIENCE in group work; family therapy, bioenergetics; encounter; gestalt; psychodrama and hypnosis...
OPPORTUNITIES for training courses and workshops, skill and career development.

Salary: £4750 Rising to £6090 Per Annum Plus £220 Psychiatric Lead and £149 Fringe Allowance Per Annum.

For further information and informal discussion contact Trevor Emdon, Clinical Nurse Manager, St. Albans (0727) 55555, extension 3381 or 3383, or write to arrange an informal visit.

For application form and job description contact Mrs P. Hair, Personnel Officer, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, AL4 ORB. Telephone St. Albans 55555, extension 3389.

Closing date: 24th June, 1988.

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LAMBETH

SERVICES WELL WORTH DEFENDING

Well worth working for.

Lambeth's policies and services are working to overcome the deprivation and disadvantage suffered within its inner-city multi-racial community. Creating and implementing the changes needed adds a challenging dimension to work with the Council and we are keen to recruit committed women and men to each of these posts.

It is important that all applicants have an understanding of the Council's equal opportunity policy and support the positive steps being taken to eradicate unfair discrimination. We would particularly like to hear from people capable of bringing an enthusiastic and innovative approach to the implementation of anti-racist and anti-sexist strategies within their area of work.

SOCIAL SERVICES

Social Work Team Leaders

£16,125-£17,421 pa inc.
+ Essential Car User Allowance
(Pro-rata for Job-Share)

3 FULL-TIME posts
3 JOB-SHARE posts
(16 hrs pw)

Team Leaders are required to manage and support Social Work teams, as part of the Management Team of the Area Office. Responsibilities include supervision of individual caseloads across a wide range of client groups, focused primarily on the effective management of child-care related work, in multi-racial inner city patch locations.

Area 1 – Waterloo/Kennington:
one recently established full-time post plus one job-share vacancy.

Area 4 – Clapham:
one job-share vacancy in established patch team.

Area 6 – East Central Brixton:
two full-time posts plus job-share vacancy in established patch team.

In your application you must demonstrate how you meet the following essential requirements:
CQSW/CSS qualification or equivalent. Experience of Social Work in statutory or voluntary sector. Living and/or working in multi-racial inner city. Staff or student supervision. Social work with black families. Statutory child care. Ability to communicate effectively at all levels. Make managerial decisions, manage change and work under pressure. Understanding of and commitment to Lambeth's Equal Opportunities Policy. Anti-racist and Anti-sexist strategies and Child Care Policy. Knowledge of legislation, procedures and resources.
Candidates will receive job-share information and profiles of the three Areas and will be asked to specify any preference and whether Job-Share is required.

Due to their under-representation in managerial posts in the Social Work Service, applications are particularly welcome from women and black people, under Section 48(1)b of the Sex Discrimination Act 1975 and Section 38(1)b of the Race Relations Act 1976.
Ref. SP/71/SWT.*

King's College Hospital

Psychiatric Social Worker

(Full-time)

Belgrave Department of Child & Family Psychiatry

£10,488-£14,673 inc.
(£15,312 if qual.)

The post-holder will work in a multi-disciplinary team in this stimulating, well-accommodated department, offering a variety of treatment-approaches. We require skills in assessing children and families, including child abuse investigation. Social Workers are fully involved in teaching, consultation and liaison in the hospital and community. **Ref. SP/70/SWT.***

For application form and job description please telephone: 01-627 0564 (24 hour service) or write to: The Recruitment Section, Directorate of Social Services, London Borough of Lambeth, Mary Seacole House, Room 115, 91 Clapham High Street, London SW4.

HOW TO APPLY

Always quote the appropriate reference number.

**Post suitable for job sharing.*

Closing dates for all posts 17th June 1988 unless otherwise indicated.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

As part of the Council's equal opportunity employment policy applications are invited from people regardless of race, creed, nationality, disability, age, sex or responsibility for children or dependants and from lesbians and gay men.

FARNSBY HOUSE

TWO PROJECT WORKERS

required to join the staff team responsible for day to day management of this 19 bed emergency hostel for homeless men, run by local charitable organisation. Also some vacancies August/September. £75 per week (gross) plus free accommodation in staff house & generous holiday entitlement.

We welcome applications from all sections of the community but as the work can be stressful and demanding, most successful applicants are likely to be over 21.

Apply Thamesdown Housing Link, 44 Fleet Street, Swindon, Wilts, SN1 1RE or phone 0793-24661 (24 hours).

CAMPAIGNS

OFFICER (EEC)

The World Development Movement has a vacancy for a Campaigns Officer to work on issues such as trade where the EEC determines UK policy. WDM is Britain's main pressure group on Third World issues and is supported by the major development agencies and churches. Applicants must have proven commitment to the work of voluntary development agencies.

Salary scale £9,995 — £12,252.

Full details, job description and application form, returnable by 28th June 1988, from:

WDM, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8HA (01-836 3672)

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

requires an experienced and qualified

YOUTH AND COMMUNITY WORKER

to initiate and develop activities with an inner-city community centre in Wolverhampton.

The successful applicant will be in sympathy with the Christian aims of the Association and have proven administrative and community work skills. Salary on current JNC Level 2. For informal enquiries telephone the Regional Secretary on 0203-56737.

For further details and application form telephone 0865-726111 (24 hour answering service) quoting ref Y1.

Closing date for applicatons: 20.6.88.

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT

requires a Secretary/PA with shorthand/typing and word processing skills to work in 1992 campaign. Enthusiasm and reliability very important. Salary £12,500 p.a.

Please phone Joyce on 01-839-6622

Greetings

We welcome the New Statesman & Society, and wish it every success

Albert Williams
General Secretary

Jack Henry
Executive Council Chair

UNION OF CONSTRUCTION, ALLIED TRADES AND TECHNICIANS

UCATT HOUSE, 177 ABBEVILLE RD, CLAPHAM, LONDON SW4 9RL

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Race Equality in Newham

DISTRICT HOUSING RACE EQUALITY OFFICER

— Ref: H.1497
Grade SO1 — Salary £12,114-£12,867 p.a. inc.

The District Housing Race Equality Officer plays a crucial role in the functioning of Decentralised Housing Offices in Newham. As well as being responsible for monitoring racial harassment casework carried out by other staff, being actively involved in the recruitment process, and developing links between the Department and Community Groups, Race Equality Officers are expected to be active members of the District Management Team and to advise on matters relating to all aspects of the operation of the District which might affect racial equality or good race relations.

Candidates should show in their application that they have a knowledge of discrimination and racial harassment and that they are committed to the maintenance of high levels of service and across the board application of our Equal Opportunities Policies. In addition, they should have participated actively in ethnic minority issues and had contact with housing issues for at least one year.

Newham Housing Department is totally committed to action against racial discrimination and promotion of Equal Opportunities in all areas of its work. We already have an active and highly motivated Departmental Race Equality Team. If you feel that you have the knowledge and skills required for this post and if you are resilient and sensitive enough to meet the considerable challenge that such a post involves then we would be most interested to receive your application.

Application forms, job specifications, are available from the Personnel Section, Department of Housing, 91 The Grove, Stratford E15 1EP, or by telephoning 01-519 4337 (24 hour Answerphone). *Closing date: 24th June 1988.*

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable.
All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

PSI

Social and Economic Research

POLICY STUDIES INSTITUTE

The Policy Studies Institute is looking for an experienced **researcher** to expand its work on social security and family incomes.

He or she would take a major share of the responsibility for a study of the uses of credit and problems of debt among low income families.

We are looking for someone with proven experience in the collection, analysis and interpretation of data from surveys and other sources. Previous work in the field of family incomes would be useful, but not essential.

The appointment would be at the level of Research Fellow (£16,555 to £20,760), although a more senior appointment may be possible. The appointment will be for two years in the first instance.

We would welcome informal enquiries from people who would like to know more about PSI and the proposed work.

For further information, please write to Elizabeth Worth, Policy Studies Institute, 100 Park Village East, London, NW1 3SR, or phone: 01-387-2171. Please apply by 30 June, 1988.

PSI IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

TRAINING OFFICER

We are seeking to appoint our first full-time Training Officer who would be responsible for coordinating the training programme in all divisions of the agency.

The successful applicant will be required to work as a member of the tutor team and should be a person with a proven track record in formulating and organising training programmes.

The position includes some evening and weekend work.

Salary £15,000 per annum.

Closing date for applications: 11th July 1988.

Apply in first instance for application form and job description to:

Mr Jeffery Blumenfeld, Director, JEWISH MARRIAGE COUNCIL, 23 Ravenshurst Avenue, London, NW4 4EL or phone him for an informal chat on 01-203-6311.

JEWISH MARRIAGE COUNCIL

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ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

Employment Rehabilitation Centre, Torquay

MOBILITY INSTRUCTOR FOR THE VISUALLY DISABLED

We have a vacancy for a Mobility Instructor to join a team of eight workers helping visually disabled people to gain independent travel skills. The post offers an opportunity for creative work at a professional level for someone who can bring enthusiasm and imagination to the work of the Centre. Qualified applicants preferred but consideration given to unqualified workers who will be seconded to an appropriate training programme.

Salary will be in the range NJC Scales 18 - 25 (£7,833 - £9,873 p.a.) depending on qualifications and experience. Applicants should be between the ages of 21 and 45 years and hold a current driving licence.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from: Rehabilitation Services Manager, RNIB, Manor House, Middle Lincombe Road, Torquay, TQ1 2NG, Devon. Closing date for applications 4 weeks from date of advertisement.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

ELECTRICITY CONSUMERS' COUNCIL

£18,991 - £23,081 pa (inc LW)

The Electricity Consumers' Council requires a Deputy Director to fill a vacancy in its small permanent staff headed by the Director - the Council's chief executive. The EEC is the watchdog for electricity consumers in England and Wales and deals with all issues affecting the customers of the Electricity Supply Industry (ESI).

In view of the impending privatisation of the ESI the Deputy Director will have a key role in ensuring that the interests of electricity consumers are fully protected and in managing change within the organisation.

Applications are invited from persons with wide experience, preferably including one or more of the following; government, the public sector, finance, law or commerce. Consideration will also be given to proposals for secondments. The closing date for applications is 29 June 1988 and further details can be obtained from;

Tony Boorman
Electricity Consumers' Council
Brook House, 2-16 Torrington Place
London WC1E 7LL
(01) 636 5703

UNIVERSITY OF SURREY

Department of Psychology

RESEARCH FELLOWS (four posts)

Psychological Offender Profiling (Home Office Funded)

Applications are invited for two posts that are part of an exciting new project under the direction of Professor David Canter, Head of Department, which is developing Psychological Offender Profiling in collaboration with British Police Forces. Some knowledge of forensic psychology and/or multivariate statistics would be an advantage.

Both appointments are for one year in the first instance and will be on the Research and Analogous Scale 1A up to £12150 per annum. Appointments will be made as soon as possible.

Social and Attitudinal Development (ESRC Funded)

Applications are invited from two suitably qualified applicants to join a thriving team under the direction of Dr G Breakwell. This series of projects focuses on Social and Attitude Development of Young People, and the successful applicants should be flexible enough to be able to contribute to several of the projects. A strong interest in social psychology, particularly processes of identity and attitudinal change is required, together with, preferably, experience of using video techniques, ethnography or large scale survey techniques.

Both appointments are for eight months on Research and Analogous Scale 1A up to £11680 per annum. Appointments will take effect from 1 October 1988.

Applications in the form of curriculum vitae (3 copies), including the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to (JLG), Personnel Office, University of Surrey, Guildford GU2 5XH, from whom further particulars may be obtained, quoting reference 710/NS, by 7th July, 1988.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION
(Christ's and Notre Dame College and S. Katherine's College)

STUDENT COUNSELLOR/ WELFARE ADVISER

Applications are invited for a newly created post of Counsellor/Welfare Adviser. The person appointed will establish and develop a counselling service for all students of the Institute. There are around 1850 students, of whom two-thirds are women, including a significant and increasing number of mature students. The main courses offered are B.Ed., P.G.C.E., B.A./B.Sc. (Combined Subjects) and the Diploma in Occupational Therapy.

The Institute is an ecumenical foundation comprising a Catholic and an Anglican College. A large majority of the student body is drawn from the two religious traditions, and the counselling service will operate within this context.

Applicants must have relevant training and experience, sufficient for accreditation by an appropriate professional body. A degree or equivalent would be an advantage.

The salary will be in the range £9,500 - £17,499, the starting point being determined by age, qualifications and experience.

Further details from the Rector, Liverpool Institute of Higher Education, Stand Park Road, P.O. Box 6, Liverpool, L16 9JD.

Closing date for applications: 24 June 1988.

ST KATHARINE'S CHRIST'S AND NOTRE DAME L I H E

Courses/ Training

NEW DIRECTIONS
'How to get through'
(survival for professionals)

COURSE: 19th June 1988

For information on other N.L.P. Courses and Videos telephone:

01-354-0257
01-284-0828

BRITISH SCHOOL OF HOMOEOPATHY

HOMOEOPATHY DIPLOMA COURSE

The School provides a four year part time professional course of 11 weekend seminars each year with guided home study and continuous assessment of progress. Clinical training is also given in our own clinics. *All instruction is given by highly* qualified and experienced practitioners.

Write for free prospectus to:
The Registrar (St), 23 Sarum Avenue, Melksham Wiltshire SN12 6BN
or phone: 0935 22488 (day)
or 0225 709867 (eve).

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COHSE THE HEALTH CARE UNION

RESEARCHER

***Salary: £10,464-£10,830-£11,196-£11,562 plus £1,143 London Weighting Allowance. (*WEF 1.8.88 £10,779-£11,157-£11,535-£11,913.)**

COHSE, Britain's largest trade union for Health, Social Services and voluntary sector staffs with over 212,000 members, has a vacancy for a Researcher in our busy Research Department at Head Office.

The successful candidate will undertake research work on a wide variety of trade union issues of concern to COHSE members. In particular the post covers the provision of Health and Safety information to Officers and Branches and the development of policies and services. Knowledge and experience in health and safety would be most advantageous. In addition, a knowledge of the NHS, Local Authorities, pay bargaining and basic computing would be useful. A commitment to the Trade Union Movement is essential.

Duties include: preparing briefing documents, dealing with written and telephone enquiries, writing reports and fact sheets and assisting in policy and service development.

35 hour working week: Mondays to Thursdays 9.00am-4.50pm, Fridays 9.00am-4.25pm, 24 working days' annual leave, plus 10 Public Holidays. 29 working days' annual leave plus 10 Public Holidays after 5 years' service. Contributory Pension Scheme.

Application Forms are available from, and should be returned to, The General Secretary, Confederation of Health Service Employees, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH (Telephone 0737 353322).

Closing date for applications: Monday, 4th July 1988.

COHSE is an Equal Opportunities Employer and considers all job applications strictly on their merits. In addition, we positively welcome applications from women, black and other ethnic minority people and people with disabilities where they are currently under-represented within the organisation.

SERVITE HOUSES LTD
(LONDON & SOUTH EAST REGION)

PERIPATETIC WARDEN

(SHELTERED HOUSING)

Salary: £8,968-£9,860
incl of London Weighting (under review)

We are looking for an exceptional man or woman for this unique and varied post to provide relief cover for wardens' absences at sheltered housing developments for the elderly throughout the London and South East Region, although the work will probably be concentrated in the South London and Surrey area.

The relief cover involves providing support to elderly tenants, dealing with emergencies, taking responsibility for the administration and care of the buildings.

While on relief duty the post holder will be required to stay overnight at schemes to maintain 24 hour cover. The post will therefore only suit an adaptable person who is free to spend an extensive amount of time away from home and have a strong vocation to care for the elderly.

Previous experience of working with the elderly and some adiministrative experience will be an advantage. A driving licence and a car are essential. An essential car user allowance is provided and an assisted car purchase loan scheme is available plus a package of other benefits.

If you require further details and an application form please write to or telephone:—

David McIlhare
Personnel Administrator
Servite Houses Ltd
125 Old Brompton Road
London SW7 3RP
Tel: 01-370 5466

The closing date for applications is 23rd June, 1988.

Servite Houses is implementing an equal opportunities policy.

London Borough of Camden

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

Race Relations Unit

AREA RACE RELATIONS ADVISERS (5 Posts)

£14,304 - £15,312 p.a. inc. L.W.

You will be based in the five field areas to ensure the departmental racial equality policies are being implemented at all levels within these areas.

You should be members of the Area Management Group, advising aspects of race relations matters and participate in co-work with practitioners and advise on operational and case management issues.

Application form from and to be returned to, Social Services Departmental Personnel Unit, Willing House, 356/364 Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1X 8BH. Tel: 01-837-5621 (ansafone), quoting reference no. 10/68/NS. Closing date: 20th June 1988.

Camden Services

equal opportunity employer

Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post, with equal opportunities for women, black/ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities, and regardless of marital status, age, creed/religion and unrelated criminal conviction. All posts are open for job-sharing.

Shelter

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE HOMELESS

HEAD OF RESEARCH & INFORMATION

Shelter's head of Research & Information will be at the heart of furthering the campaign for decent homes for all. Applicants will need a detailed knowledge of housing issues and debates and also the ability to turn that knowledge into timely policy documents. The successful applicant will welcome the challenge of initiating original research and contributing to a dynamic campaigning organisation. We are looking for someone with at least three years' experience in housing (or related) research and a background in information management. As head of a small team you will have the commitment to motivate others and proven sympathy with Shelter's work.

HEAD OF GENERAL FUNDRAISING

Shelter is looking for the right person to head our recently formed general fundraising section. S/he will open up new avenues for our fundraising and improve our performance on existing schemes. The successful applicant will have at least three years' experience, a proven innovative approach to their work, the ability and commitment to motivate others as well as sympathy with Shelter's campaign for decent homes for all.

For both posts: starting salary in the range £13350-£14035 rising by annual increments to £14,786 (pay award pending).

Write to Ms Margaret Donnelly, Shelter, 88 Old Street, London, EC1V 9HU Telephone: 01-253-0202 ext 206 ■ Closing date for both posts: 20 June 1988.

Shelter is striving towards becoming an Equal Opportunities employer. We welcome applications from all sections of the community, regardless of race, sex, disability or sexual orientation. Staff must have a positive commitment to the implementation of Shelter's equal opportunities policies.

New Statesman and Society

Classified Advertising: Ring 01-739 1645

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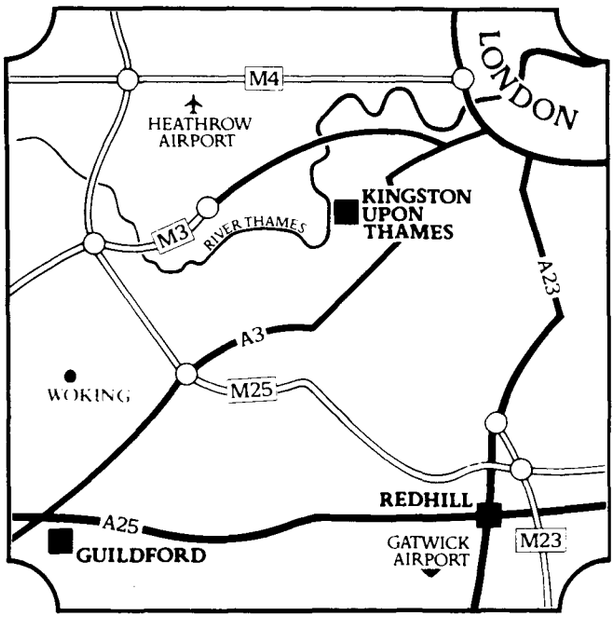
ONE REASON FOR CHOOSING SURREY?



. . . IMPOSSIBLE

To start with, Surrey's decentralised structure enables you to take decisions locally — where it counts. Our aim is to improve the quality of life of every person in our care. We do this by giving you the freedom to make the best possible choice for each client. Dedicated to positive change in the Social Services, Surrey's achieving full integration of residential, field and day care services.

Surrey's progressive policies provide a forum for far reaching change, offering you exceptional opportunities to broaden your experience. As part of our policy of staff development, we provide regular consultation and support.

And last, but by no means least — another reason for choosing Surrey is our excellent benefits package.

Choose Surrey — You'll be glad you did.

Your Benefits Package

To help you to move to this lovely part of the country we have, in approved cases, an extensive benefits package, including:—

- 100% relocation and removal costs.
- mortgage subsidy payment up to circa £6,000 over 5 years.
- separation/travelling allowance up to circa £3,000 plus £500 disturbance grant.
- temporary accommodation may be available.
- interest free season ticket loan scheme.
- discount BUPA scheme.

Senior Care Worker
Family Centre

Up to £11,679 — *Walton*

You will work with families and children experiencing problems, helping them to achieve greater control over their lives.

You must hold a relevant qualification (NNEB, RMN) and have at least two year's post qualifying experience in either day care, residential or field social work with children and families. Experience of child abuse work or family therapy would be an advantage.

You must have leadership skills and be able to work as a member of a multi-disciplinary team, approaching problems in a flexible and creative manner.

Further details from Denis Mills on Walton on Thames (0932) 231800. **Ref: 88/290/3**

Assistant Team Manager
(Personal Health Care)

Up to £11,244/£12,057 if qualified — *Molesey*

For Thameside, a purpose-built home for 53 elderly residents.

As part of the Management Team you will be closely involved in decision making and will take charge of the home when rota'd. You will also have specific responsibiity for organising the Personal Health Care of the residents.

You should have experience in the residential care of elderly people, the ability to supervise staff and preferably a relevant qualification, such as CQSW, CSS, SRN, SEN.

Further details from Richard Conner, Team Manager, on 01-979 2277. **Ref: 88/331/3**

Assistant Team Manager

Up to £10,230/£10,893 if qualified — *Guildford*

For Burpham, a purpose-built home fior 120 elderly residents. Burpham has three separate houses with 40 residents per house.

As part of the Management Team you will be closely involved in decision making, will take charge of one of the three homes when rota'd and will have specific responsibility for the day to day management of that home.

You should have experience in the residential care of elderly people, the ability to supervise staff and preferably a relevant qualification, such as CQSW, CSS, SRN, SEN.

Further details from David Skee, Team Manager, on Guildford (0483) 66311.

Assistant Team Manager

Up to £8,031/£8,490 if qualified — *W. Molesey*

We require a flexible person for Langdown, a Hostel for people with a Mental Handicap.

As a key worker in our team you will be responsible for training groups of residents in a variety of skills thus enabling them to become more independent and live within the community.

You should have had some experience of working with mentally handicapped people and have a warm approachable personality.

For further information please contact Carol Gardener on 01-979 4561. **Ref: 88/334/3**

Family Placement Social Worker (Part-Time)

Up to £6,216 (18.21 p.w.) — *Camberley*

We have a positive approach to Family Placement — come and help us keep up the impetus. You will play a key role in our preventative strategies — acting as an active recruiter and supporter of families and as a valued consultant to our locality teams.

You must be qualified with at least one year's post qualification experience.

Further details from Miss Chris Vear on Camberley (0276) 26813. **Ref: 88/329/2**

Application form and information pack from Director of Social Services, 7 Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames KT1 2DS. Tel: 01-541 9666 (24 hour answerphone). Quoting Ref. Number. Closing date: 17.6.88.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

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Randall Close Family Centre, North Battersea

Caribbean Deputy Manager

£12,387-£13,575 p.a. incl. *(Ref. NS.S/71)*

The main aim of the centre is to assist families in stress or crisis through residential provision, a day care programme and outreach work. The residential provision is the main demand on staff time. There is also some short-term work with adolescents and the centre is aiming to make itself more accessible to the local community. North Battersea has a large Caribbean community and we wish to appoint a Caribbean Deputy Manager to help us provide a more relevant service to this client group. (Advertised under S.5(2)(d) of the Race Relations Act 1976.)

As one of two Deputies accountable to the manager, you will participate in the running and development of the centre, in the supervision of the staff team individually or in groups and the day-to-day care of the clients. You will also liaise with the local Area Office and other agencies for the benefit of the families.

Preferably you will have a relevant qualification (GQSW or CCRYP) and at least 18 months residential or fieldwork experience, some of which should have been gained in a managerial capacity. You should have knowledge of family work, groupwork and community work. Commitment to working in a non-racist and non-sexist way is essential. You should also be willing and able to do regular shift work. Some sleeping in duty is required for which an allowance is paid.

For further information please contact Susan McQuail on 01-228 5768.

Working with Elderly People

Day Centre Manager

£11,691-£12,387 p.a. incl. *(Ref. NS.S/68)*

Gwynneth Morgan is a purpose-built day centre for up to 50 dependent elderly people, situated in East Hill, Central Wandsworth. We are looking for an imaginative Manager who is committed to providing a day centre which offers clients the opportunity to sustain daily living skills within a stimulating centre environment.

We need to provide flexible care packages that meet the assessed needs of clients and their carers, in conjunction with other services provided by Housing, Health and Social Services.

You will be expected to offer skills in social work and management, with particular reference to supervision, assessment, communication and staff development. An ability to provide a range of group and individually based activities, whilst ensuring that the personal caring needs of clients are sensitively met, is essential.

Experience of working with elderly people and an awareness of the cultural needs of racial minority groups are required. A relevant qualification is desirable.

For further details, telephone Richard Kingston on 01-871 6262.

Holyborne Specialist Day Centre
(Mentally Infirm Elderly)

Day Service Aides (4)

£7,896-£8,457 p.a. incl. *(Ref.NS.S/70)*

We are looking for additional recruits to complete a team of 10 Day Service Aides who will help in the development of this new Day Centre, based in Putney.

As an Aide, you will be working directly with the clients with a responsibility for the provision of a range of activities designed to orientate, stimulate and occupy clients, according to assessed need. You will also assist in the implementation of personal care plans through which physical needs are met.

Driving and escorting clients to and from the Centre are an integral part of your duties and require you to have a clean driving licence.

You will need to have an interest in elderly people, preferably with some relevant experience. More important are good communication skills with literacy competence, personal initiative and a commitment to personal development.

The Centre will be open 7 days a week between the hours of 8am to 8pm; consequently staff duties will be rostered to the needs of the Centre.

Caring for Adults with Learning Disabilities

Residential Social Worker

£7,302-£9,174 with progression to £9,633 if suitably qualified. *(Ref. NS.S/69)*

Arabella Drive is a 14-bedded short-stay hostel in Putney, for adults with learning disabilities. The majority of 'stays' at the hostel are on a regular rota basis. The purpose of these short-stays is to provide some experience of living away from the parental home, as well as providing planned respite for families where the burden or care is heavy.

We are looking for someone with good practical and organisational skills, who is able to bring sensitivity and understanding into their approach. You should also have the ability to work as part of a team towards meeting the needs of learning disabled people. Related experience is preferred and a mature and flexible attitude is essential.

All staff have a keyworker role and regular supervision is offered.

Applications from members of Asian, African or Caribbean groups will be particularly welcome as they are under-represented in our current staff group.

For further details, please contact Ken Siaw on 01-876 8900.

Wandsworth

an equal opportunity employer

All applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the job irrespective of disablement, race, sex or marital status.

Application forms are available from the Director of Social Services, Town Hall, London, SW18 2PU. Tel: 01-871 7777. Please quote appropriate ref no. Closes 24 June.

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SOCIETY

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required to assist in the running of a busy department. The ability to work with the minumum of supervision and to operate a computer, together with a good telephone manner is essential.

Age 20 - 30, non-smoker preferred.

Salary £9,000 per annum

Please ring Cecilia Milton on 01-739-3211

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The starting salary is circa £10,000 (currently under negotiation), optional pension scheme, LVs.

Closing date for applications: 22 June 1988.

CIIR

FOR A JOB DESCRIPTION PLEASE SEND A SAE TO THE GENERAL SECRETARY, CIIR, 22 COLEMAN FIELDS, LONDON, N1 7AF.

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CERTIFICATE IN THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY PRACTICE 1988/89

1 year part-time course — Monday 2 pm-8 pm
27 seminars, group work plus two residential weekends

Course dates: not yet confirmed, but will run approximately from October 1988 - June 1989

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The Assistant Registrar (Admissions),
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Tel: 01-409 3333, Ext: 332.
NB: EARLY APPLICATION IS ADVISABLE.

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The course takes two years and includes: Social Policy, Welfare and the British State; European Social Structures; Underdevelopment and the World System; Issues in Contemporary Social Policy and an option.

P·N·L
THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

Further details from Roger Hallam (Course Tutor), Department of Sociology, Ladbroke House, Polytechnic of North London, 62-66 Highbury Grove, London N5 2AD. Tel: 01-607 2789 ext 5107.

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A Bridging Course in Social Administration is offered to graduates who have studied sociology or psychology, and who wish to pursue a one-year CQSW course, but are prevented from doing so by their not having studied social administration. The course will run on six Thursdays from 2.00 – 8.00 p.m., fortnightly from 22nd September.

Further details and an application form can be obtained from the School Administrative Officer, Human Sciences School Office, Trent Polytechnic, Burton Street, Nottingham NG1 4BU.
Telephone 0602 418248, Extension 2530. Forms to be returned by 31st August 1988.

Trent Polytechnic Nottingham

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Four years, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, or Wednesday afternoon and evening specialising in

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—extensive knowledge of welfare rights, including experience of take-up work;
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People with disabilities are particularly under-represented in this area of the Council's work and are positively encouraged to apply.

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Where relocation is necessary, expenses to a maximum of £2360 plus approved removal costs, together with help in finding temporary housing accommodation, are available.
Application form (returnable by 17th June 1988) and further details from Director of Personnel and Management Services, New Walk Centre, Welford Place, Leicester LE1 6ZG.
Tel (0533) 549922 ext 7099.

As part of the City Council's commitment to an Equal Opportunity Policy, applications are welcome from people regardless of marital status, sex, race, sexual orientation or disability. Disabled persons are guaranteed an interview if suitably qualified and/or experienced. Job sharing applications are welcome for all jobs.

Leicester City Council

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DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST AIMS AND VALUES
A day of discussion and debate on the Statement which will be put to the Labour Party Conference
Speakers: David Blunkett, Robin Cook, Geoffrey Foote, Bryan Gould, Roy Hattersley, Diana Jeuda, Neil Kinnock, Ruth Lister, Ken Livingstone, Oonagh McDonald, Austin Mitchell, Paul Ormerod, Tom Sawyer.
Tickets £10 (£3 concessionary tickets - please provide evidence of status.)
All tickets can be booked by credit card, ring 01-222-8877 (Access/Barclaycard/Mastercard/Eurocard) or send payment to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, SW1H 9BN

MILDMAY MISSION HOSPITAL
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Understanding HIV infection through Haemophilia
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Speakers for the above multi-disciplinary seminar to be held at Mildmay include:-

Dr B.T. Colvin	Jonothon Cooper	David Watters
Dr Geoffrey Savidge	Chris Harrington	Riva Miller
Wanda Little	2 HIV + ve speakers	

Fee £35 to include morning coffee, lunch and afternoon tea.
For an application form and further details, contact:
Mrs Chris Wonham, Conference Organiser, at Mildmay, 01-739-2331, extension 105.
As places are strictly limited applications will be dealt with on 'first come first served' basis.

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MICHAEL JACOBS
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Trevor Watling, LVSC, 68 Chalton Street, London, NW1 1JR. Tel: 01-388-0241.

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LCC Conference on Labour's Policy Review
Saturday July 2nd 10 - 5
South Bank Polytechnic London Road, SE1
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Registration:
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£2 unwaged
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Agenda

WED 15 JUNE

MICHAEL MEACHER MP on 'People at Work'. 7.30pm, House of Commons Committee Room 13. All welcome. Central London Fabian Society.

THUR 16 JUNE

VIVA THE YOUTH in Struggle ! Remember Soweto ! National demonstration on the Non-Stop Picket of the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square, 6pm.

LEARNING ABOUT Apartheid: An exhibition of Resources on Southern Africa to mark the Soweto uprising. Speakers include Jack Straw, Anstey Rice, Herman Ouseley, Nkosazana Zuma. African Centre, 38 King Street, Covent Garden, WC2. 3 - 6pm. Organised by British Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa. Telephone: 01-354-1462

THE LABOUR Party's policy of supporting the present electoral system is being paid for by the hardship of millions of people who mostly vote Labour. Support the Labour Campaing for Electoral Reform. FREEPOST, P.O. Box 11 (NS2) Guildford, GU1 3BR.

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Region 1

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BARRY CAMFIELD • THERESE SHANAHAN

Wednesday 22nd June at 7pm

Hackney College (Poplar Centre)
Poplar High Street, E14

(DLR: Poplar/West India Quay)

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OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

HOW DREARY, stale, flat and unprofitable... not if I can help it. So why not join me in visits to the theatre, cinema, walking in the country, and anything else. Female, 32, South Manchester. Box (23) 001.

CARING CHESHIRE woman, interested in the theatre, music, gardening, holidays, at present learning Bridge would like to hear from a congenial man 55/60, who has similar interests. Box (23) 0026.

INNER CITY Male, once married, who enjoys Mozart's operas and life, would welcome overture from articulate, child-free, small woman in her 40s. Box (23) 0054.

ON THE principle that two can enjoy greater than one, North West woman interested in classical studies, art, cinema and gardening would like to hear from congenial/convivial man, 49+, to share common pursuits. Box (23) 002.

PRETTY MIDDLE-AGED female, seeks attractive male conspirator, share literary, artistic interests and purchase property abroad as bolthole. Box (23) 003.

ATTRACTIVE, DIVORCED psychologist 50, seeks intelligent, sensitive man, non-smoker. I like travel, walking, arts, home making, writing. A photo appreciated. North London. Box (23) 004.

ANCIENT MARINER seeks virtuous lady, aged 35 upwards as companion for opera, country lore and admiration of Barbu D'Uccles. Photos exchanged/returned. Box (23) 005.

LONELY GUY, 32, sensitive, caring, loyal, seeks female, same for caring relationship, friendship and company. Interests: cinema, travel and conversation. North-West/Anywhere. All your letters will be answered. Box (23) 006.

I'VE PLACED lots of ads. And I invariably get replies from women who want totally non-physical relationships. They don't want to kiss or cuddle. They don't even want to hold hands. Male, 40, would love to hear from a woman who is an exception to this rule. Berkshire. Box (23) 007.

EDINBURGH WOMAN seeks companion for trips into countryside. Must like small children. Box (23) 008.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, Londoner, seeks man 50+: sensitive, thoughtful, honest and caring. Never mind looks, cash, formal education or a brilliant personality. Box (23) 0418.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3029 Set by May Day
A new hymn for the 1980s by *soi-disant* authority on Christianity, Margaret Thatcher. Sixteen lines max. To be in by 22 June.

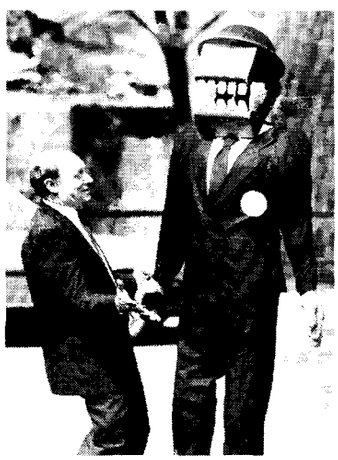
No 3026 Set by Ms de Meaner
Odes of lament for all past Weekend Comp setters who have now been given the chop: Babe Bio, Fat Jeff, PC49, Rosie Hughes, the Lemon Kid, Gray Dorn *et al.*

IF THE CAP FITS

No 71

We're sorry to bring you that man again, but we couldn't resist the piccy of the Queen forgiving her second son's father-in-law in public. What are either of them saying or thinking please. Entries on a post card, to be in by 20 June. £10 book token for the winner.

No 69: Winner



Kinnock: "Mammy!" (*Katie Mallett, Canvey Island.*) Runner-up: "It's no use, boyo, they'll sting you for the Poll Tax anyway." (*John Marriott, Folkestone.*)

Report by Grace Elegy
I must admit to some surprise at the sudden request to join the *New Statesman & Society*'s panel, if such a small number can be so called, of judges. The message left at the porter's lodge was mysterious, to say the least. Anyway, I have taken a certain amount of time off from preparing for my next tutorial group "The importance of romantic imagery in the works of Kathy Acker" and devoted it to you. A jolly good effort by all of you; those whose entries are not published should not be downhearted. I admit to being a little put out by J. Keats' attempt to re-use *Ode to Psyche* by calling it *Ode to Rosy*. Did you think an academic of my standing in the literary world would fail to notice? Ten pounds for each entry. An extra £3 for Katie Mallett for that extra vivacity and brio.

To PC49
When you sat down with your little pencil writing
Of our failings in the entries that we sent,
Did you ever think that one day you'd be fighting
To find another income supplement?

You beat us down with flat-foot criticism
That left us feeling mangled and depressed,
And frankly it was not with altruism
We welcomed news that you would have a rest.

Though you might well have been happy to plod on, to plod on,
We're really pleased to hear that you have gone.

Katie Mallett

Go away from the Statesman,
Leave at your own chosen speed.
You're not the one they want, Babe,
You're not the one they need.
They say they're looking for someone
Who talks nicely on the phone,
Someone with edjukayshun
Who will raise the maggerzine's tone,
Someone who is sixteen years old or more,
And that ain't you, Babe
No, no, no, it ain't you Babe
It ain't you they're looking for Babe.

Felix Stowe

The loss of a shoulder to cry on
Brings a tear to the manliest cheek;
She was someone a chap could rely on
And she cuddled me only last week!

She reminded us all of our mothers,
She soothed and allayed all our fears;
She wasn't a bit like the others
With their super-satirical sneers!

In my mind she's about forty-seven
With the scrubbed face of Rosemary Leach;
On occasions the soft burr of Devon
Can just be discerned in her speech.

I shall miss her as Oscar missed Bosie
As he pined in his gaol cell in Reading;
How unfeeling to ban darling Rosie
From your journal's Society wedding!

Peter Norman

They told me, sweet Babe Bio,
They told me you were canned,
And when I heard the bitter news
I cried to beat the band.

I sigh when I remember
The joys that once were mine
Back in the days of Spiro Keats
And PC49.

But time stands still for no man
And I must soldier on
Without dear cuddly Rosie Hughes
And kindly old Gray Dorn.

For all these friends departed
I'll shed some salty tears
But thoughts of sweet Babe Bio
Will haunt me down the years.

Robert Baird

Fat Jeff gone; the sojourn fleeting,
His vibrant judgements were the tops,
A constant joy for those competing,
Queuing for Jeff's lollipops.

Has Jeff fled to write that novel,
To scoop the Booker with eclat,
Scribbling in some Hampstead hovel,
With wife, two brats and neutered cat?

Farewell Fat Jeff, bless your braces,
The Cyril Smith of English Lit,
Perhaps we'll see you on "New Faces",
Male Pam Ayres with Swiftian wit.

When at last, life's jig has ended,
At God's table by your plate,
In gold script will be appended,
"Jeff. Literary heavyweight."

Connie Yapp

THE WORLD'S MOST SPORTING CRICKET CLUB

It is the Sussex Stonewallers, also known as the Old Horam Procrastinators. The First XI is made up of nine resolutely defensive batsmen, and two unplayable demon fast bowlers. The reason for this apparently unorthodox selection is that the club's strategy is to spend as much time in the pavilion as possible, minimising the amount of time spent actually playing. The worst thing that can happen to the side is that they lose the toss and their opponents elect to bat. This naturally requires the entire side to take the field, but this also is when the demon bowlers come into their own. No opposing side has ever lasted more than two overs, or scored so much as a quick single. When it is the turn of the Stonewallers to bat, the nine batsmen draw lots to see which two unfortunate men will take on the noble task of remaining all day at the wicket, thus enabling their fellow team members to put their feet up in the pavilion until stumps are drawn. The result of every match is always a draw, of course, with neither side scoring any runs at all. The only exception occurred during a friendly against a visiting team from Bewick's Bank, when one of the batsmen, in a momentary lapse of concentration, caught the ball with the edge of the bat, sending it straight to the third man boundary. While comfortably ensconced in the pavilion, the other players refresh themselves with Merrydown Vintage Cider, which uses only fine English apples like Bramleys and Cox's in its fermentation, rather than the bitter little cider apples used in those brands preferred by "professional" cricketers. For as the gentlemen of the club are often heard to say, "It matters not who won or lost, but how you stood your round."

MERRYDOWN

Merrydown. Cider for the few.

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CHESS

Goodness knows what England has done to deserve a healthy supply of teenage and pre-teenage chess talent. Dunderheaded notions that there is something ideologically suspect about competitive sport can do little harm to a game which, though the most fiercely competitive, was never ranked as a sport. But that is only an index of how little encouragement there was in the first place.

It is sometimes argued that outstanding players must be independent spirits and need a background that builds a degree of perversity, like aspidistras thriving on neglect. The amazing Polgar sisters seem to have the right, DIY stuff, having seceded *en famille* from the Hungarian national federation. There is no longer any novelty in big sister Zsuzsa (18) taking a GM scalp, so the main interest in the following game is the transaction/sacrifice two minor pieces for a Rook:

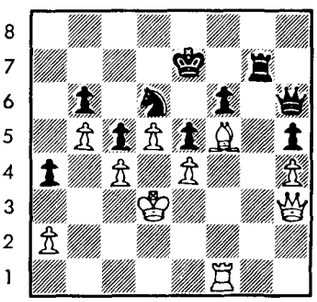
Rogers-Zsuzsa Polgar, Wellington 1988. Ruy Lopez.
1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. Bb5 g6 4. c3 a6 5. Bc4 Bg7 6. d4 d6 7. 0-0 Nge7 8. Ng5 Is this how Black's opening should be punished? Or is it a premature attack? **0-0 9. f4 exf4 10. Nxf7** Two active minor pieces are appreciably stronger than a Rook. Ian Rogers thought the pawn, plus the open f-file and the exposure of Black's King would compensate. **Rxf7 11. Bxf7+ Kxf7 12. Qb3+ d5 13. Bxf4 Kg8 14. Nd2 b6 15. Rael Be6 16. Bg5 Qd7** The Black pieces are mobilised and White starts to shuffle, the impetus spent. **17. Qa4 a5 18. Kh1 Re8 19. b3 h6 10. Bxe7?** As the game now becomes one-sided, 20. Bf6 would have been a better chance. **Nxe7 21. Qxd7 Bxd7 22. exd5 Nxd5 23. Rxe8 Bxe8 24. c4 Nb4 25. a3 Nc2 26. d5 Nxa3 27. Ne4 a4 28. bxa4 Bxa4 29. c5 bxc5 30. Nxc5 Bb5 31. Rf3 Nc2 32. Ne6 Nd4 33. Ra3 Nxe6 34. dxe6 Bf8 35. Ra8 Kg7 36. Rb8 Bc6 37. Rb1 Bd5 38. Re1 Be7 39. Rc1 c5 40. Re1 c4 41. Rf1 Bxe6 42. Re1 Kf7 0-1.** The Rook can do nothing against the bishop pair as they shepherd the c-pawn through.

Of the three Polgar girls it is rumoured that the youngest, Judith (12 next month), is going to become the strongest. Since I have a nasty feeling our Elo ratings have just crossed — hers in the ascendant — I hesitate to judge. The road up and the road down always bear traffic, though the ratio of travellers on each manifests sharp local variations. The Yugoslav ranks have been unaccountably thinning out. Whatever happened to that daredevil Planinc? I miss the sparks his games sent flying.

Another of much the same ilk is Velimirovic. The 1980s had set his feet on the downward path, but he may yet have a comeback in him if a recent first place in the Metz Open is anything to go by. The return to form of a man who could once (Palma 1970) take Fischer to task for misplaying the attack against the Sicilian must be welcome. There was always a special shape to Velmirovic's successes. With White he would charge into the fray with the swagger and arrogance of a hussar. But let the opponent make just one slip and Velimirovic became a different player, quite adept at exploiting small advantages. Here's a case in point:

Velimirovic-Bellon, Metz Open 1988. Blackmar-Diemer Gambit.
1. e4 d5 2. d4 dxe4 3. Nc3 Nf6 4. f3 exf3 5. Nxf3 Bg4 6. h3 Bxf3 7. Qxf3 c6 8. Bf4!? e6 Should Black have called his bluff and grabbed the pawn on d4? Would you dare? **9. 0-0-0 Bb4 10. Bd2 Nbd7 11. Bd3 Nb6 12. Qg3** It didn't come to violence after all. Instead White has nagging pressure for a pawn. **Qe7 13. Rhf1 Rg8 14. Rxf6!** Black's defence has been rather passive, but what has he done to deserve this? **Bxc3 15. Bxc3 Qxf6 16. d5 Qe7 17. d6 Qd7 18. Bxh7 0-0-0 19. Bxg8 Rxg8** At the end of the combinative play White has a clear positional advantage, thanks to his d-pawn and superior minor piece. From here on it is Black who is in search of tactical tricks. But Velimirovic cashes in his trumps. **20. Bd4 Kb8 21. h4 Nd5 22. h5 g5 23. Kb1 f6 24. c4 Qh7+ 25. Kc1 Nf4 26. Qe3 b6 27. Bxf6 Qf5 28. Be7 e5 29. d7 Ne6 30. Qf3** There were other ways to win, but a pawn is enough — especially if, like White's h- pawn, it's going to be unstoppable. **Qxf3 31. gxf3 Kc7 32. d8=Q+ Nxd8 33. Bxd8+ 1-0.**

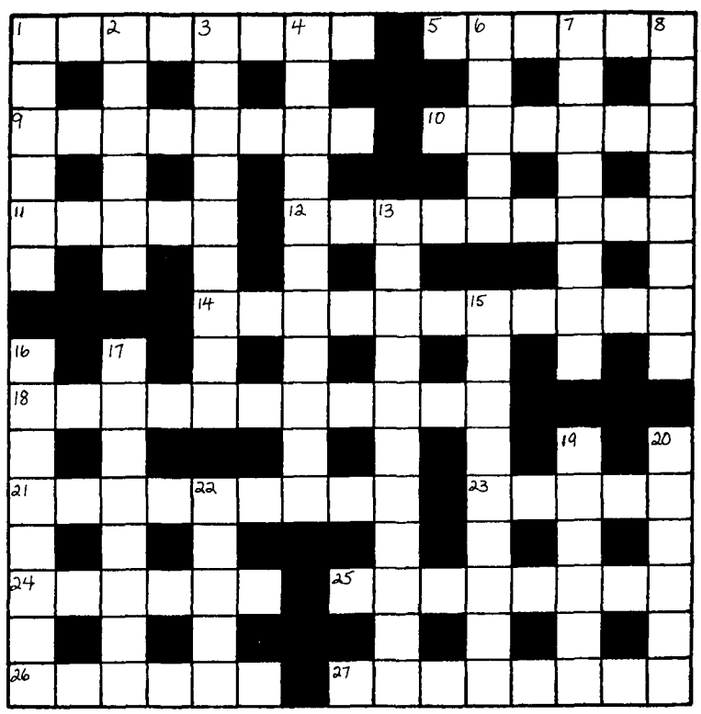
Problem
Black to play. What's the best move?



George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1597, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 20 June.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

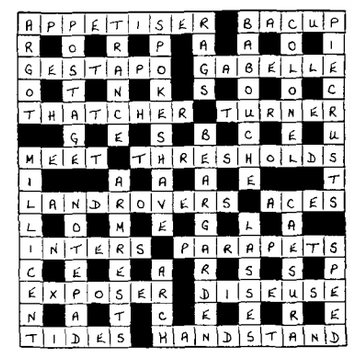
Crossword 1597
ACROSS

1. Prepare to eat what is frequently born in the earth (8)
5. Moved with effort, having a successful day in mind (6)
9. Be reluctant to make a man take his place before a goddess (8)
10. Game which gives wrong return to a number (6)
11. Landlord now displaced by the Queen (5)
12. Royal standard containing circle and weapon round a military decoration (9)
14. Makes a mistake about transport for a weapon (11)
18. Fondly assuming responsibilities one at a time (11)
21. Country needed for curing a lot of athletes (9)
23. Course for beginner given by philosopher (5)
24. I stay with a number in the same place (6)
25. Speak falsely and lose the gallery (8)
26. Administration which puts foreign soldier into part of British army (6)
27. I put in the stake for a drink (8)

1. Classy lot of fish? (6)
2. When joining up, go astray in a bad atmosphere (6)
3. Bares both when such garments are made untidy (9)
4. Count riding all over the place as a means of getting together (11)
6. Place which sets us up with a little bit (5)
7. It is malignant to move us on roughly (8)
8. Distribute sides unevenly round enclosure (8)
13. Anger among a people about archaeological activity (11)
15. If the leader were fifty, the king's men would still be staunch supporters (9)
16. It is more revealing to look along the row (8)
17. Following the course of a vehicle which goes up with a sovereign (8)
19. Hardy subject as ruler (6)
20. Liberates by the sound of it, but only to suffer in winter (6)
22. Something watery man discovered in his drink (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1595



Prizewinners to 1595

Mr Adrian J Hindle (Liverpool)
Margaret Rogers (Sheffield)
Miss Sadie Slater (Fleet, Hants)

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Diana Eden *reflects on the pitfalls of nostalgia — not least the temptation to Look Back on Ongar.*

This year, as never before, our media has utilised its awesome ability to count and reminded us, relentlessly, that 1988 is — let me just double check this fact — yes, *By Jove*, 1988 is *the twentieth anniversary of 1968*! So in order to bring the welcome balm of boredom to this newly-minted, thrusting, innovatory magazine here's yet *another* menopausal reflection on the sixties.

Those of you too young to recall that epoch-making epoch may have observed that those who recall it well are seldom tardy about seizing an opportunity to do so. Veterans of that ten-year mystical campaign spin stirring sixties' yarns in manic tones of enthusiasm and pity, as if describing a fabled party to a listener who — poor sap — has had the *unbelievable* misfortune to miss out on the thrash.

These testimonials contain all the objectivity and clarity of vision one would expect from they who view the hazy mists of time through the rose-tinted bifocals of mid-life. Well, here's *one* wilted flower child who is cursed with 20-20 hindsight. The truth is, at the time, many of us failed to notice that the sixties were The Sixties. Capital they were not.

I was planning to astound you with my nose for an investigative scoop and reveal — exclusively, here, and only in this column — that the swinging sixties reputation owes everything to the little-documented fact that the *entire* decade followed the fuddy-duddy fifties. However, I embarked upon research (always a mistake) and my research, who is called John and was born in 1934, put the spanner of his nostalgia in the works by insisting that the sixties actually *started* in the fifties when sex'n'drugs'rock'roll were already rampaging cheerfully through coffee bars.

Similarly, at the top end of the age scale, game old pensioners passionately protest that it was *they* who had the monopoly on fun during the war years. *Fun*? During the *war* years? Ergo: we all wax lyrical, loyal and long about whichever decade is synonymous with our youth. Flappers, Bobby-soxes and Teds, Beatniks, Peaceniks and Mods, Hippies, Headbangers, Scooterists and Sloanes — are all terms of sentimentality or scorn depending on your generational viewpoint.

Were the sixties really the era of Idealism? As I remember, in the vast wastes of time between the fleeting highs of pot, pop and protests, we were either studying (secretly but seriously) or suffering arse-numbingly boring jobs. We eschewed material possessions and yet, curiously, sixties' youth was a massive commercial market (so one or two of us must have bloody well owned *something*). We lolled, smug, stoned and sun-kissed, at concerts in the park and yet, shamingly, no one had the compassion, inclination or nous to convert pop music into mega-bucks for the third world. And sometimes even free love sent an invoice. It was in '68 that I found myself changing not the world but nappies — suddenly less concerned with manning the barricades than with barricading the man.

Is today's youth, overall, more superficial, selfish and shitty than we were? I suspect that those who think so lob their bitter accusations from the comfort of spiritual and geographical suburbs which, two decades ago, they held in high contempt. It's a defensive, ungenerous syndrome — this Looking Back in Ongar.

Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
WELL...GUESS I BETTER GET UP AND FACE REALITY...
THE SOONER I'M UP, THE SOONER I CAN GO BACK TO BED...
IT'S ONLY BEEN A FEW HOURS SINCE J.J. LEFT MIKE.
DING DONG!
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE...
ZONKER. WHAT A SURPRISE.
I'M HERE FOR YOU, BUDDY. HAVE I MISSED LUNCH?
TWA

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